F
129
T695S

TRENTON, N. Y.

ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

OF

JOHN F. SEYMOUR.

For Mrs Dana with the Compliments of John F. Seymour of Utica N.Y. Aug 21st 1877

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT

TRENTON, N. Y.,

July 4, 1876,

BY

JOHN F. SEYMOUR,

WITH LETTERS FROM

FRANCIS ADRIAN VAN DER KEMP,

Written in 1792,

AND OTHER DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF TRENTON AND CENTRAL NEW YORK.

UTICA, N. Y.
WHITE & FLOYD, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, COR. BROAD AND JOHN STREETS.
1877.

F129
.T695

TRENTON, July 31st, 1876.

TO JOHN F. SEYMOUR, ESQ.

DEAR SIR—In behalf of the ladies of Trenton, who invited you to give the Centennial Address on the Fourth of July, we respectfully request that you will grant us the pleasure of having this address in a more permanent form; believing as we do, that its facts and incidents and reflections are worthy of perpetual preservation among the people of Trenton.

We are, dear sir, very truly yours,

WM. SILSBEE,
G. PRICHARD,
WM. H. COMSTOCK,
L. GUITEAU.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM SILSBEE, MR. G. PRICHARD, WM. H. COMSTOCK, ESQ. AND DR. LUTHER GUITEAU.

GENTLEMEN—Pursuant to your request, I send you my Centennial Address. You will find with it and as a part of it, a letter from John Adams, under date of March 4th, 1804, and a letter from Hibernicus, under date of 1820, and also some incidents additional to those given on the 4th of July. Appended to the address is a copy of Judge Van der Kemp's narrative, under date of 1792, of his journey on horseback from Kingston to Albany, and thence up the Mohawk Valley to Fort Stanwix, and by canoe and batteau through Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario. This narrative is in the form of letters to Col. Mappa, and it is to the first of these letters that DeWitt Clinton refers when he writes "Your letter to Col. Mappa, on the canal, written in 1792, is really a curiosity. It gives you the original invention of the Erie route, and I shall lay it by as a subject of momentous reference on some future occasion."

The other letters in this narrative will be found still more interesting, and from them we learn that the romance of the "Frenchman's Island" in Oneida Lake is not a myth, as is generally supposed, but a reality, which Judge Van der Kemp describes with something of the charm of Paul and Virginia. Although the size of this appendix makes my address seem like a mere "rill of matter," yet I consider Judge Van der Kemp's narrative of so much greater interest, that I would rather omit the address than the appendix.

Very truly yours,

JOHN F. SEYMOUR.

UTICA, N. Y.

TRENTON

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

The association of my parents with the Mappas, the Van der Kemps, the Billings, the Douglasses, the Guiteaus, the Shermans and other early settlers of Trenton, together with my own acquaintance with so many of your citizens, made doubly attractive your invitation to unite with you in the observance of this centennial.

The suggestion of the President of the United States that on this day reference be made to the early history of each locality, is in accordance with the thoughts of every one, and in no place do such thoughts come more spontaneously than in this town, noted for its culture and refinement.

To appreciate the difficulties and dangers encountered by the first inhabitants, it must be remembered that in their day not only was this country covered with a dense forest, but that it was peopled by the most warlike of the Indian tribes. Bryant, in his history of the United States, says that in 1645, when a general peace was concluded with the hostile tribes, although sixteen undred of the savages had been killed, there was not

a single Dutch settlement, except that at Rensselaerwyck and the military post on South river,* that had not been attacked and generally destroyed; and that, besides a few traders, there were left upon Manhattan Island scarcely an hundred people, and throughout the whole province not more than three hundred men capable of bearing arms could have been mustered.

In 1663, all that part of the State west of Schenectady, was called Terra Incognita; and though nominally governed by the Dutch, was really under the dominion and terror of the Indian.

In 1775, almost a century later, on an official map was printed in large capitals over this part of the country the word "Iroquois," the name of the six nations of Indians.

In 1792, Judge Van der Kemp states that during a journey on horseback, he found 200 Oneida Indians at Whitestown. and on his arrival at Oneida Lake met Chief Justice Lansing of the Supreme Court, and the Attorney General of the State,† camping out on their way to court.

The best illustrations of the dependence of our early settlers upon the good will of the Indians, not only for comfort in life, but also for life itself, are to be found in two lectures delivered by Mr. William Tracy, in 1838, in which he narrates two incidents, from one of which it appears, that as late as between 1785 and 1790, Hugh

* Delaware River. † Morgan Lewis.

White did not dare to deny to a dreaded Indian chief a request to take his little grandchild out of its mother's arms to his wigwam, four miles distant, to keep over night.

The other narrative is still more extraordinary, showing that as late as 1788, eighteen chiefs of the Oneida tribe of Indians, met in solemn council and coolly deliberated whether or no they should put to death James Dean, a missionary of much note, as an atonement for the murder of one of their tribe, of which murder it was not pretended Mr. Dean had any knowledge whatever, but only that he was of such distinction that he would make a good sacrifice. And this same council condemned him to death without deigning to ask leave of the white men of the State of New York, or of the United States, or of any of their officers, and actually proceeded to his house in a body in the dead of the night, and argued with him the propriety of their course; and without a suspicion that they were amenable to the laws of this State, were proceeding to execute their sentence of death, when the wives of three of the chiefs of the council suddenly appeared and saved his life in a manner which equalled if it did not surpass the bravery of Pocahontas.*

In 1758, a fort named Schuyler, after Peter Schuyler, was built where Utica now stands, to protect a fording

*As it it now difficult to find these interesting and valuable lectures of Mr. Tracy, I have caused the above mentioned narratives to be copied and inserted in the Appendix to this address.

place of the Mohawk river, not far from where the bridge at the foot of Genesee street is now located; and according to an article on Utica in the Edinburgh *Encyclopedia*, written by the late James Watson Williams, this fort was the "scene of several skirmishes between the Indians and the whites: the flats of the Mohawk and the country adjoining being the possession of the Mohawk tribe, who were acknowledged by the other tribes of the Maquas or Iroquois to be the true old heads of the confederacy. This tribe having remained faithful to the British throughout the revolution, finally forsook their town at Fort Hunter, and removed to the province of Upper Canada in 1780, under the auspices of Sir John Johnson."

Until 1784, according to the interesting annals of Oneida county, by Pomroy Jones, there was no white man's dwelling house between Fort Stanwix and Fort Schuyler; and in that year Hugh White came from Middletown, Connecticut, and built the first house erected at Whitesboro, and on his way up the Mohawk river, he found some unoccupied farms; and not far east of the site of Utica, the blackened remains of burned dwelling houses and barns told the story of the savage work of the Indians and tories during the revolution. It must be remembered that the war of the revolution, the deadly hostility between the patriots and tories, and the raids of Indians put a stop to improvements in the valley of the Mohawk, so that west of Schenectady, with the exception of a few places, it was almost an

unbroken wilderness. The western boundaries of this State were undefined. Massachusetts claimed jurisdiction at the west end of our State, and the claim was finally settled by allowing her the land, but only as so much land within the boundaries and under the jurisdiction of the State of New York.

Within the lifetime of men now living, there was no Oneida county, no Trenton, and no roads in all this part of the country, except the pathways of the Indians through the silent forest.

In 1793, Trenton's first settler arrived, Gerrit Boon, of Holland. Marking forest trees for the line of a future road, as he came over from Fort Schuyler, pitching his tent here in this sheltered valley where two creeks come together, he determined that this should be the seat of a future village, and he called it Olden Barneveld, not only as significant of the love of religious liberty which sought a place of refuge from the tyranny and bigotry of the old world, but also as a monument to the memory of John of the Olden Barneveld, a noble family of Gerland, of whom Motley speaks as the foremost statesman of the Netherlands, "who had the hardihood, although a determined Protestant himself, to claim for the Roman Catholics the right to exercise their religion in the Free States, on equal terms with those of the reformed faith." A lineal descendant of this patriot and martyr now resides at Utica—Mrs. James Madison Weed,—the adopted daughter of the late Rudolph Sny-

der, and an esteemed friend of your deceased Sophia Mappa.

The name of Olden Barneveld comes back to me as I recollect its inscription on the letters which my youthful hands so often carried to the mysterious post office. It has been suggested that if the name had been shortened to Barneveld it might yet have been retained by a people too young and too much in a hurry to think or say "Olden." It is to be regretted that the historic designations of Fort Schuyler and Fort Stanwix and Barneveld should have been changed for those of Utica, Rome and Trenton; and that Indian and descriptive names of localities and streams have been thrown aside and misplaced Latin and Greek names substituted in their stead.

It was not poverty or mere adventure which brought Gerrit Boon through the wilderness to this place in 1793, but a great trust which to day astonishes us by its magnitude. He was the agent of the Holland Land Company, which at one time owned over five millions of acres of land in this country. Among the trustees and agents of that Company were Herman LeRoy, William Bayard, James McEver, Paul Busti, H. J. Huidekoper, Col. John Lincklaen, Gen. J. D. Ledyard, David Evans, Joseph Ellicott and others. The title to all the twenty-three thousand acres in Servis' patent, under which many of you hold your farms and homesteads, was at one time vested in Gerrit Boon as trustee. As that pat-

ent is in your own town, it will interest you to know that it was granted in 1768 by Sir Henry Moore, then Governor of the Colony, nominally to Peter Servis and twenty four others, but really for Sir William Johnson. Jones states that after the grant, Sir William made a great feast, roasting an ox whole, and to this feast he invited Peter Servis, and his twenty-four colleagues, and during the feast they conveyed the land to him. It descended to his son, Sir John Johnson, who conveyed it to some parties in New York city, who between 1790 and 1800, conveyed this and other tracts of land to Gerrit Boon in trust for the Holland Land Company.

Although there is no record of the conveyance from Servis to Sir William, his title has never been disputed save once and then by Servis himself, who after the revolution, hearing that Sir John had buried his title deeds during the war, and that they had thus become illegible, brought an action of ejectment against Boon, but the court allowed verbal evidence to be given of his conveyance to Sir William, and Servis was defeated. The witness, to prove the conveyance from Servis and others to Sir William, was an old negro who was employed to fiddle for the guests at the feast.

Mr. Boon erected a frame dwelling house upon the lot where we are now assembled. That house was subsequently moved by the Rev. Mr. Sherman across the road, where it was enlarged and where it now stands, the pleasant and hospitable residence of Mrs. Douglass.

Mr. Boon, like many others from the country, was compelled to undertakings in which he had no experience, and some of which would not work, like his stone grist mill, the picturesque ruins of which are on the banks of the Cincinnati creek, just above the rail road embankment. He could not make the dam stand, and so that mill was abandoned for another further up stream, which I shall mention hereafter.

Dr. Guiteau is my authority for stating that Mr. Boon was the veritable Dutchman who was so delighted when he first saw the manufacture of maple sugar from the sap of your maple trees that he proposed to continue this business all the year round, and actually caused to be made a large number of grooved slats in which he proposed to conduct the sap from the hill sides reservoir in this valley. These slats were afterwards used more profitably for the sides of a large corn house, and the frame of that corn house is to-day doing service as a part of one of your dwelling houses. After residing in this county a few years, and discharging his trust to the Holland Land Company with integrity and ability, Mr. Boon returned to Holland.

Col. Adam G. Mappa and his family followed Boon from Holland to this country, and Mr. Mappa became Mr. Boon's successor as agent of the Holland Land Company at this place, and after a year or so Francis Adrian Van der Kemp of Holland came here to reside. These two men were almost inseparable in their lives

and fortunes. Col. Mappa was an accomplished gentleman, less learned but more practical than Mr. Van der Kemp and the latter in his autobiography speaks of him as an officer of acknowledged skill in the old world, who during the short-lived but disastrous revolution in Holland of 1786, in which both were engaged, was placed in charge of the army.

Their cause seems to have been just and on the side of humanity and liberty, but they were defeated through the treachery of the Dutch government. Col. Mappa and his family escaped to this country, but Mr. Van der Kemp was imprisoned, and only released by a ransom of $35,000 paid by his friend Denys; and in 1778 he and his family came to America, first settling at Esopus on the Hudson river, then on an island in Oneida Lake, and then here. His son, John J. Van der Kemp, was clerk in the office of the Holland Land Company at this place, then chief clerk, and finally general agent of the immense business of that Company, having his headquarters at Philadelphia. The elder Van der Kemp became acquainted with John Adams in 1780, while he was in Holland trying to negotiate a loan for our own country, in which he was seconded by Baron Van der Capellan and by Mr. Van der Kemp.

There is now in the historical library at Buffalo a very interesting autobiography of Judge Van der Kemp placed there with valuable letters by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Henry, of Germantown, near Philadelphia. In

this biography he states that early in life, before completing his studies, he became a deist, and was brought into trouble with clergymen by the boldness with which he asserted his views, and was unable to pursue his studies for want of money and that it occurred to him (to use his own language ,) " That the Baptists at Amsterdam were reputed to be of extensive liberal principles. * * I resolved then to open my mind to Professor Osterbaen, ask him for support to promote my studies at Amsterdam, in their Seminary, if I could be admitted without compromising myself in any manner, without constraint to any religious principles I might foster or adopt in future and with a full assurance that I should be decently supported, all of which was generously accepted, and Osterbaen actually proved himself to me a friend and benefactor, a guide and father."

These facts relating to the liberality of the Baptists of Amsterdam, and this tribute to the wise generosity of Professor Osterbaen should be repeated in the presence of all the citizens of Trenton, that they may rightly value the good works of the Baptist Church. You doubtless desire to know the result of this generous compact with the youthful, but deistical Van der Kemp, I can best tell you of that in his own words : " I remained in my study, and continued my inquiries, night and day, taking no more rest as imperiously required, and was within a short time fully convinced of the historical truth of the Christian revelation. * * But the grand question remained ' What is the Christian re-

ligion?" * * So I read the New Testament, I mean the Evangelists and Acts, again and again, until I was convinced that Jesus came into the world to bring life and immortality to light, which was indiscoverable by the light of reason—that a merciful God required from frail creatures sincerity of heart and genuine repentance, that—to love him and his neighbor was the summary of the doctrine of Jesus—the true characteristic of a genuine believer, and that it was the will of our Heavenly Father that all his children should be saved.

I explained myself faithfully and with candor to my friend and deemed it a duty in my situation to make a public profession of my religious principles, and received on it baptism from the worthy Van Heiningin in November, 1773." Mr. Van der Kemp was admitted to the ministry and acquired much distinction, but after he took up arms against his government, he resigned his pastorate, and seems never to have resumed the ministerial office in the pulpit. In this country, he was employed by Governor Clinton in the work of translating the ancient Dutch records of the State, and was appointed a master in chancery, and one of the assistant justices of the County Court, and hence his subsequent title of Judge, by which he was generally addressed.

I take from Judge Van der Kemp's journal the following account of his reception in this country:

"I delivered my letters of introduction to the French Ambassador, the Count Montier, introduced to him by Colonel A. Ham

ilton, so I did to General Knox, Governor Clinton, Melancthon Smith, and met with every kind of civility and hospitable receptions. It seemed a strife among many who should do the much; never I can repay it, but never I am confident it can be obliterated in my breast. No relations, no parents could do more as Mr. and Mrs. Clinton; the venerable Mrs. Tappan welcomed Mrs. Van der Kemp as a daughter, both ladies, and so Mrs. Hamilton conversed with your mother in Dutch. * * * Had we possessed indeed the first rank and worth then, yet we could not have desired a more cordial, a more distinguished reception than we were honored with day after day by the families of the Clintons, Knox and others. I send my other letters to Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, Governor W. Livingston, Benjamin Franklin and General Washington, from whom I received ere long a courteous invitation to visit Mount Vernon. Thither I went. I stopped at Elizabethtown, visited Governor Livingston, with whom I spent a few days in the most agreeable manner. From his seat I pursued my journey to Philadelphia, where I met the same hospitable reception by a mercantile house from Antwerp, by Benj. Franklin, and which should make me blush could I pass by it in silence, * * * So I arrived at last at Mount Vernon, where simplicity and order, unadorned grandeur and dignity had taken up their abode. That great man approved as well as Clinton, my plan of an agricultural life, and made me a tender of his services."

Yet he also writes that there seemed to him in Washington somewhat of a repelling coldness under a courteous demeanor. That Washington inspired others with awe is undoubtedly true. Whether it was his nature or the effect of the struggle through which he had passed, or of the great responsibilty laid upon him, I do not know; but I was told by Mrs. Arthur Tappan, who was an adopted daughter of Alexander Hamilton, that she often saw General Washington at Hamilton's house, and

recollected that on all occasions when General Washington entered the room there was a manifestation of such respect and care of manner towards him on the part of others as made a lasting impression upon her mind. I adopt the suggestion of Rev. Mr. Silsbee, that it was of great importance that the person of the first President of the infant Republic should be surrounded with all the dignity of an European King.

Our Hollanders themselves were not wanting in serious formality; and it is said that when Baron Steuben announced a visit at Trenton, they met him as he appeared at the edge of the forest and escorted him in line to the house, where he was received at the front door by the ladies with all the courtesy and consideration which would have been proffered to him in the Old World; and no spot in the Old World could have shown more refinement or elegance of manner or more culture than was to be found at Olden Barneveld at that day. It is from the letters of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and DeWitt Clinton that we receive the strongest impression of the learning of Judge Van der Kemp, which attracted towards him the admiration and esteem of those great men.

Through the kindness of the Buffalo Historical Society, I am permitted to have their original letters, and to present to you copies and extracts from some of them. First of all John Adams writes:

"London, Jan. 6, 1788.

"Sir—As I had suffered much anxiety on your account during your imprisonment, your letter of the 29th of last month gave me some relief. I rejoiced to find that you was at liberty and out of danger.

"Inclosed are two letters, which I hope may be of service to you. Living is now cheaper than it has been in America, and I doubt not you will succeed very well. You will be upon your guard among the Dutch people in New York respecting religious principles, until you have prudently informed yourself of the state of parties there. If you should not find everything to your wish in New York, I think in Pennsylvania you can not fail. But New York is the best place to go at first.

"I wish you a pleasant voyage, and am, sir, your most

"Obedient servant,

"Rev. Mr. Van der Kemp. "John Adams."

DeWitt Clinton writes to him as follows:

"Albany, 20 April, 1822.

"My Dear Sir—* * * I shall go to the West early in June to visit the whole line of the canal, and, if possible, I will make a diverging visit on my return to the most learned man in America. When the *opus basilicum* is finished I shall consider the State as in a situation to be as prosperous as she pleases: but wealth and prosperity, my friend, are too often the parents of folly, and the more opulent the State the greater the temptation to the enterprises of parties.

"Mrs. C. joins me in kind regards to you.

I am yours most truly,

"F. A. Van der Kemp, Esq. "DeWitt Clinton."

Thomas Jefferson writes:

"Monticello, Jan. 11, '24.

"Dear Sir—Your favor of December 28 is duly received. It gladdens me with the information that you continue to enjoy

health. This is a principal mitigation of the evils of age. I wish that the situation of our friend, Mr. Adams, was equally comfortable ; but what I learn of his physical condition is truly deplorable. His mind, however, continues strong and firm, his memory sound, his hearing perfect and his spirits good, but both he and myself are at that time of life when there is nothing before us to produce anxiety for its continuance. I am sorry for the occasion of expressing my condolence on the loss mentioned in your letter. The solitude in which we are left by the death of our friends is one of the great evils of protracted life. When I look back to the days of my youth it is like looking over a field of battle, all, all dead! and ourselves left alone amidst a new generation whom we know not, and who know not us.

"I thank you beforehand for the book of your friend, P. Vreede, of which you have been so kind as to bespeak a copy for me. On the subject of my porte-feuille, be assured it contains nothing but copies of my letters: in these I have sometimes indulged myself in reflection on the things which have been passing—some of them like that to the Quaker to which your letter refers may give a moment's amusement to a reader. And from this voluminous mass, when I am dead, a selection may perhaps be made of a few which may have interest enough to bear a single reading. Mine has been too much a life of action to allow my mind to wander from the occurrences pressing on it.

"TH. JEFFERSON."

"MONTICELLO, November 30, '25.

"DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 16th is just received, and your silence on the subject of your health makes me hope it is good. A dozen years older than you are I have no right to expect as good. I have now been confined to the house six months, but latterly got better, insomuch as for a few days past to ride a little on horseback. * * * Although my eyesight is so good as not to use glasses by day, either for reading or writing, yet constant occupation in the concerns of our university permit me to read very little, and that of commercial science was never a favorite reading with me. The classics are my first delight, and I

unwillingly lay them by for the productions of the day. Our university, now the main business of my life, is going on with all the success I could expect. * * * Hoping you may continue to enjoy good health and a life of satisfaction, as long as you think life satisfactory at all, I pray you to be assured of my affectionate good wishes and great esteem and respect.

"TH. JEFFERSON."

Again Clinton writes:

"ALBANY, 8 April, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR—I have sent by mail a collection of Governor Clinton's speeches, printed by a bookseller in New York.

"Dante I shall endeavor to procure for you. Ecce Homo is a book highly blasphemous. The Trinitarians believe in the divinity of the person, as well as the mission of Christ. The Unitarians only in the divinity of the mission—both creeds ascribe the utmost purity to Jesus, and consider him with the highest veneration; but Ecce Homo assails his moral character, and treats him as an impostor. This book is not for sale and I can not ask the author for a perusal. It would be indirect encouragement. Your letter to Colonel Mappa, on the canal, written in 1792, is really a curiosity. It gives you the original invention of the Erie route, and I shall lay it by as a subject of momentous reference on some future occasion. I shall, as I shall soon have leisure, review your philosophical work with pleasure. (Mr. Clinton sent Mr. Van der Kemp his portrait and writes about it as follows:)

* * * "I am glad that you are pleased with the operations of the pencil and the graver in the representation you have of your friend. Whatever their correctness may be I can assure you that I give you a true delineation of his heart, when I say that he will always be happy to hear from you, and announce to you by words and deeds the sincerity of his friendship, and the entirety of his respects.

"My regards to the family.

"Yours truly,

"Dr. Van der Kemp. "DEWITT CLINTON.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, which is the depository of a portion of Judge Van der Kemp's correspondence, has kindly furnished me with the following copy of a letter to him from John Adams, which is worthy of particular attention.

"QUINCY, March 3, 1804.

"DEAR SIR--Last night I rec'd your favor of the 15 of Feby. At the two last meetings of our Academy, I made inquiry concerning your manuscript, and found that the committee had referred it to a sub-committee who were not then present and had not reported. I will endeavor to get this matter settled at the next meeting, in May.

"Buffon, I presume from all that I have heard or read of him, believed in nothing but matter, which he thought was eternal and self existent. The universe had been from eternity as it is now, with all its good and evil, intelligence and accident, beauty and deformity, harmony and dissonance, order and confusion, virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, equity and iniquity, truth and lies. That planets and suns, systems and systems of systems, are born and die like animals and vegetables, and that this progress will go on to all eternity. Something like this was the creed of the K. of Prussia and D'Alembert, Diderot and De le Loude. All this I think is no more nor less than the creed of Epicurus, as set to music by Lucretius. 'The movements of nature, mean the movements of matter. But can matter move itself? 'The renovating power of matter,' what does this mean? Can matter if annihilated recreate itself? Matter, if at rest, can it set itself in motion? An Ambassador once told me 'he could not bear St. Paul, he was so severe against fornication.' On the same principle these philosophers cannot bear a God, because he is just.

"You could not apply more unfortunately than to me, for any knowledge of natural history. A little law, a little Ethicks and a little history constitute all the circle of my knowledge, and I

am too old to acquire anything new. "Sensible as I am of the honour, and grateful as I am to you for the offer, I beg leave to decline the dedication. I wish to pass off, as little talked of and thought of as possible. I can hear nothing of Ingraham's journal. It might, for what I know, have gone to the bottom of the sea with him in the Insurgente. In the wisdom, power and goodness of our Maker, is all the security we have against roasting in volcanoes, writhing with the torture of gout, stone, cholicks and cancers, sinking under the burthens of dray horses and hackney coach horses to all eternity. Nature produces all these evils, and if she does it by chance she might assign them all to us, whether we behave well or ill; and she, poor hag, will not know what she does. Almost forty years ago, *i. e.* in 1765, I wrote a few thoughts in Edis & Gill's Gazette. Mr. Hollis, of London, printed them in a pamphlet and imputed them to Mr. Gridley. He gave them the title of a Dissertation on the Common and Feudal Laws. A lamentable bagatelle it is. I have no copy of it and know not where to get one. I know nothing of Stewart's success. I satt to him at the request of our Massachusetts Legislature, but have never seen anything of the picture but the first sketch. There are no more than two volumes of the Memoirs of the Academy. Count Sarsfield solicited me very earnestly in London to let him import some French mirrors, under my privilege. I told him I considered my privilege as sacred. He then answered, '*Il ne vaut pas un sou d etre votre ami.*' Don't let Hamilton know this. If you do he will record it in his next pamphlet as an instance of my vanity.

"Your letters always give pleasure to your old friend,

"Mr. Fr. Adr. Van der Kemp. JOHN ADAMS."

Judge Van der Kemp was very near sighted, and one winter having occasion to go to a neighboring village, he drove his horses some ways, when suddenly coming upon a settlement, he inquired what village that might be, and being told it was Trenton, replied, "Ah! but it

may not be as, I have just left there," yet it was Trenton. Mrs. Ann Jones tells me that when at Esopus, he undertook to cut down a tree; Governor George Clinton discovered the attempt, and slipping on a workman's dress and taking a scythe in his hand, proceeded towards the judge as if mowing, and when near enough exclaimed Ah! Mine herr Van der Kemp, you can no more cut down that tree than if you were a woodpecker. The Judge detected the Governor's voice, and threw down his axe, while the Governor abandoned his scythe equally as useless.

When the Judge wished to build a barn on his island in Oneida Lake, although surrounded by a dense forest of all kinds of timber, he had the frame hewed on the banks of the Hudson river, and rafted all the way up that and the Mohawk river and then into Wood Creek to the Oneida Lake, where his chicken house, as afterwards seen by others, proved to be a better building than his own dwelling. His forgetfulness brought him into much confusion at times, as when in Philadelphia, he hired a horse and wagon, taking no note of name, or street or number, of the owner, and so on his return went driving through the streets, inquiring of the people if they knew whose horse and wagon he was driving.

I close this notice of Judge Van der Kemp and Col. Adam G. Mappa by giving to you an admirable description of them, which appears in letter form in a rare book published in 1822 entitled "Letters on the Natural

History and Internal Resources of the State of New-York, by Hibernicus."

Hibernicus is supposed to have been DeWitt Clinton. His letter is as follows :

"WESTERN REGION, September, 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR—In one of my solitary walks, with my gun on my shoulder, and my dog by my side, I strayed eight or ten miles from my lodgings; and as I was musing on the beauties of the country and meditating on the various and picturesque scenes which were constantly unfolding, I was roused from my reverie by voices, which proceeded from persons at a short distance. In casting my eyes in that direction, I saw two venerable men with fishing rods in their hands, angling for trout, in a copious and pellucid stream, which rolled at their feet. I was hailed by them and requested to approach, which I immediately did, and in exchanging salutations, I found that they were men of the world, perfectly acquainted with the courtesies of life. One of them held up a string of fine trout, and asked me in the most obliging manner to go home with them and partake of the fruits of their amusement. Struck with the appearance of the strangers, and anxious to avail myself of the pleasure of their company, I did not hesitate to accept of this hospitable offer, on condition that they would permit me to add the woodcock, snipe and wood-ducks which were suspended from my gun, to their acquisitions. This offer was kindly accepted. A general and desultory conversation ensued, and we arrived in a short time at a small village, and on ascending the steps of an elegant house, I was congratulated by my new friends on my entry into Oldenbarneveld. In the course of an hour dinner was served up. I sat down and enjoyed a treat worthy to be compared to the Symposium of Plato. I soon found that these venerable friends were emigrants from Holland, that they were men of highly cultivated minds and polished manners, and that they had selected their habitations in this place where they enjoyed

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Refinement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving Heaven."

"The elder of these gentlemen had received the best education which Holland could afford. He was brought up a clergyman and at the commencement of the American revolution, he became its enthusiastic and energetic advocate, and wrote an able work in vindication of its character and conduct. In the struggles which subsequently took place in his native country, he sided with the patriots. His friend held a high military office during that commotion, and unites the frankness of a soldier and the refinement of a gentlemen with the erudition of a scholar. During their residence in this country they have been attentive to its interests. As far back as 1795, the elder gentleman proposed an Agricultural Society for this district, and addressed it in a luminous speech.

"I was penetrated with the most profound respect when I witnessed the various and extensive acquirements of this man. He is a perfect master of all the Greek and Roman authors;—skilled in Hebrew, the Syriac and the other Oriental languages—with the German and French he is perfectly acquainted—his mind is a great and inexhaustible store-house of knowledge; and I could perceive no deficiency, except in his not being perfectly acquainted with the modern discoveries in natural science, which arises in a great degree from his sequestered life. He manages an extensive correspondence with many learned men in Europe as well as America; and although I had never heard of him before, yet I am happy to understand that his merits are justly appreciated by some of the first men in this country. He has lately been complimented with a degree of Doctor of Laws, by a celebrated University of New England. He is now employed by the State of New York in translating its Dutch records—and through the munificence of David Parish, the great banker, he will be enabled to have transcripts of the records of the Dutch West India Company to fill up an important chasm in the history of this great State.

"Thus, my friend, I have made a great discovery. In a secluded, unassuming village, I have discovered the *most learned man in America*, cultivating like our first parent, his beautiful and spacious garden with his own hands—cultivating literature and science—cultivating the virtues which adorn the fireside and the altar—cultivating the esteem of the wise and the good—and blessing with the radiations of his illumined and highly gifted mind, all who enjoy his conversation, and who are honored by his correspondence."

The portrait of DeWitt Clinton, referred to in one of his letters, is now in the possession of your esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. Guiteau. His father, Dr. Luther Guiteau, was born at Lanesboro, Massachusetts, in 1778; he came here in 1802, and practiced his profession until his death in 1850, and during the forty-eight years of his profesional life, he was but once led aside from it, and that was when elected to the State Assembly in 1809. Dr. Luther Guiteau, senior, was succeded in his profession and practice by his son of the same name; and so from 1802 to this hour, there has not been a day in which there was not some one of that family to care for you, at the joyous dawn of life, or at its sad close, or during intermediate hours of sickness.

Mr. Jones, in his annals twenty-five years ago, published these words of the elder Guiteau: "Not a little remarkable in the history of his family, was their connection with the medical profession. For many generations it is well ascertained that they had in succession furnished one at least who did credit to himself, and honor to the science of medicine. It is said of the

Swiss, that their mountains become them and they become their mountains. With no less truth it may be said of the Guiteau family, the medical profession becomes it, and it becomes the profession." The quarter of a century which has elapsed since Mr. Jones made that statement, has made no change in the relation of the family to the medical profession, and may the day never come when there shall not be found some one of that name and family engaged in this most humane of all occupations. The elder Dr. Guiteau was a firm Democrat and in a minority in this village of Federalists, with whom party spirit ran so high that it was determined to dispense with Dr. Guiteau's services, and so they hired two physicians, one after the other, whose medicines they hoped would not have a democratic flavor. But alas! when sickness came the people would call in Dr. Guiteau, and the last of the political doctors quit the place in disgust, declaring that he would not stay here and shake the bush for Dr. Guiteau to catch the bird. After this the doctor was master of the field of medicine, and no democratic ingredients were found in his practice, although at one political struggle he was charged with having bled to death a Mr. Culver, a patient of his. To this the doctor refused to make any reply until election day, when he produced the dead man in good health and received from him a sound democratic vote. Generally the Democrats were the sufferers by this bitterness of party feeling, but, on one occasion, it served them a good turn. During the war of

1812, a woolen factory was started here, manufacturing uncommonly good cloth, which, at that time commanded $10 a yard, and the Federalists would not permit Democrats to take any stock; but the war closed, cloth fell to $5 a yard, the factory failed and the Federalists lost heavily—while the Democrats escaped. The old factory building still stands on the south side of the creek and is used as a cooper or a machine shop of some sort, driven by the water which flows to it through an arched stone flume, some thirteen feet below the surface of the ground.

During the war of 1812, an epidemic broke out in our army which was very fatal among the soldiers and finally spread to such an extent that the President of the State Medical Society published a description of the disease and of the treatment adopted by the Society, which forbade bleeding. Dr. Guiteau, on the other hand, insisted that every patient would die who was not bled, and he had the courage to bleed and thus saved every person brought to him in season. His reputation soon became so well established that Joseph Bonaparte requested him to visit professionlly his private secretary, then sick at Denmark, in Lewis county, where Bonaparte and his associates then were, on their way to visit LeRay Du Chamont, one of Napoleon's treasurers, who after the battle of Waterloo had come to this country, and settled in Jefferson county. At Denmark, Dr. Guiteau met a Capt. Sayre, who, as he was told, commanded the vessel which rescued Napo-

leon from Elba. Thus strangely the history of this country is associated with that of some of the most notable men and events of the old world.

In 1802, Rev. John Taylor, a native of Westfield, Mass, a graduate of Yale College, visited this part of the country and made a report on the state of religion, which will be found in the third volume of the Documentary History of New York, on page 673. August 3d he states that at Trenton, six miles east of Floyd, he put up with Rev. Mr. Fish, from New Jersey, who was then employed part of the time by the people of that town and the remainder rides "as a missionary." Then again he writes: "Trenton, August 4,—17 miles north of Utica: In this place there is no church formed. A majority of the people are Presbyterians; the remainder are Baptists and *persons of no religion*, and a few Methodists." He adds: "I visited a school of fifty children, who have a good instructor."

Mr. Jones says that Mr. Fish was the first preacher who visited the town, and that he is named as the first pastor of the church at Holland Patent, which was organized in 1797. Mr. Tuttle of Holland Patent, informs me that the deserted stone Presbyterian Church in Trenton village was not built until 1821. People from North Gage, South Trenton, and beyond Trenton, came here to attend service in this stone church. In 1805 or 1806, Rev. John Sherman, who was a grandson of Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, the signer

of the Declaration of Independence, became pastor of the Unitarian Church, in this village, over which Mr. Silsbee is now settled, and this is said to be the first church of that denomination established in this State, although their building for public worship was not erected until 1814, and soon after that Mr. Sherman resigned and Rev. Isaac B. Pierce, of Rhode Island, succeeded him.*

Mr. Sherman, in 1812, started an Academy here which was successful, and his pupils regard his memory with great affection and respect. He published a work on the Philosophy of Language, much in advance of his time, and is said to have been an eloquent preacher and a finished scholar. From his first coming in 1805, Mr. Sherman was captivated by the beauty of the ravine and falls on West Canada Creek, and, being convinced that they must ultimately attract public attention, he purchased of the Holland Land Company, in 1822, sixty acres of land, including the first or Sherman Fall, as it is termed, and erected on the site of the present hotel, a small building, which he called Rural Resort. At first this house was opened and occupied only during the day, but in 1824, Philip Hone and his family, and Dominick Lynch of New York, with his family, insisted that they should be allowed to remain over night, and Mr.

* According to a very interesting letter from Mr. John W. Douglas, which will be found in the Appendix, the organization of "The United Protestant Religious Society," was in 1803, with two Calvinistic and one Unitarian Trustees. And the Unitarian Church was organized in 1806, with "doctrines embodied in the church creed so few and general as to receive the assent of Socinian and Trinitarian alike."

Hone inquired of Mr. Sherman why he did not erect a building of sufficient size and furnish it to entertain guests. To this question Mr. Sherman replied by asking him if he ever knew a minister who had any money. Mr. Hone met this difficulty by tendering him a loan of $5,000, and thus we have our favorite Trenton Falls House, where resides our friend Mr. Moore, with his wife, the daughter of Mr. Sherman, and with a family sufficiently numerous always to meet his friends at the gate.

Rev. Isaac B. Pierce, from Rhode Island, succeeded Mr. Sherman as pastor over the Unitarian Church. He seems to have been much beloved, and Mr. Jones in his annals, states that he preached here twenty-five years, to the entire satisfaction of his people. He had some of that simplicity of character which appeared in our Dutch settlers, and endeared them to their friends. He kept thirteen cats and had names for them all; and he clung with most commendable tenacity to knee-breeches and shoe-buckles long after they were out of fashion.

You have living in your neighborhood a man who was born before any white man ventured to think of settling here—Vincent Tuttle, of Holland Patent. He was born in 1790, and now, 86 years old, has a firm step and sound memory He came here in March, 1804. He tells me that at that time the Trenton clearing extended only as far as the place where the Pros-

pect railroad depot now stands; that all north of that, including the ground where Prospect village now is, was covered by a dense forest; that he helped cut the road towards Prospect, in front of Mr. Wm. Perkins' land, in 1807; that the village of Prospect was laid out by Col. Mappa, in 1811, and by him named Prospect; and that when he came here Col. Adam G. Mappa resided where we are now assembled, but in a frame house built by Gerrit Boon. He says that in 1809 the Holland Land Company, at a cost of $13,000, built this stone mansion before which we now stand, and which has witnessed under its hospitable roof many assemblages of distinguished people.

Mr. Tuttle reports that in 1804 the stone grist mill of which we now see the ruins on the flat by the creek, (near the rail-road depot,) was still in good order—but that the dam had been carried away by a flood. This mill was built by Boon at the expense of the Holland Land Company, to save the settlers the time and labor and difficulty of walking 15 miles to Whitesboro to get flour, the road being impassable in any other way. The location of this dam and mill proving unfortunate, the Company abandoned it and built a new grist mill on the Cincinnati creek a few rods below the present location of Parker's foundry, and the Company also erected a saw mill on the site now used for a saw mill—subsequently the company sold their mills to Peter Schuyler, who after running them several years sold out to James Parker, an important settler, who occupied and run the

mills many years, day and night, doing a large business, his customers coming from Steuben, Remsen and Boonville, to have their grist ground.

The farmers of that day raised their own wheat, and had it for sale, but no flour could then be obtained at stores, and therefore the whole community were intensely interested about the grist mills. Tailors, and boot and shoe makers, had no shops, but went from house to house, mending and "making up" for the year. The women of the country carded by hand the fleeces of wool clipped by the farmers, and with their spinning wheels, they spun and made yarn, and then by hand-looms such as worked to-day by Mrs. Perkins, at Prospect, wove the cloth for their own and their children's dresses. These lasted for years, and were handed down from mother to child. So too with linen. The farmers raised flax, and when it was broken and made ready for the spinning wheel, the women took and spun and wove it, and made all the linen for household uses.*

You can readily imagine therefore what a blessing to the women was a carding and fulling mill, and there was rejoicing in this land when in 1806, a man by the name of Ensign put up such machinery on the Cincinnati Creek,* just above the foundry. The falls on the creek opposite the Prospect dèpôt are sometimes called Ensign Falls—after the builder of this carding

* As to similar customs in General Washington's family during the Revolution,—see Appendix. * As to Cincinnati Creek,—see Appendix.

and fulling mill. He sold out to Timothy Powers, who built new and larger works, and did a great deal of business for several years. His carding mill stood where the present foundry is located. The first male child born in the town was a son of the Mr. James Parker, already mentioned. He was named Adam, after Colonel Adam Mappa, although many supposed he was called Adam because he was the first child born in the town.

George Parker, another son of James Parker, and the father of the Messrs. Parkers who now own the foundry, was a very ingenious mechanic, learned his trade with Shubael Storrs, a watchmaker in Utica, and then returning to Trenton, built a foundry on the Cincinnati Creek, which was subsequently turned into a grist mill. This was a short-lived affair, and the the building now remains unoccupied.

Mr. Tuttle informs me that in the fall of 1804, Captain John Billings, of New London, Conn., and Mr. James Douglas, of Westfield, Massachusetts, came to Trenton. They were merchants, by marriage related to one another, and to Dr. Guitean. Mr. Billings was appointed postmaster in 1805, which office he held about 50 years, and accounted for every cent of the receipts of his office. He was born in 1781 and died in 1863.

The grandfather of Mr. James Douglas was a native of Scotland. Subsequently he became a planter on the

island of Jamaica. He had two children, a son and daughter; his son, Thomas James Douglas, at the age of 18, and in the year 1766, came to America, with two servants, landing at Providence, Rhode Island. He engaged in the revolutionary struggle with Great Britain, holding the commission of Major in the army. His son, James Douglas, was born at Feeding Hills, near Westfield Mass., in 1778, and as I have already mentioned, came here in the fall of 1804, with Captain Billings. They were strongly urged to stop at Utica, but the hillsides about Utica were very wet, while the lowlands were subject to the overflowings of the Mohawk river. Mr. Douglas died in 1851, leaving a widow and sons and daughters, who survive him. Mr. Douglas held a captain's commission in the war of 1812, and went with his company to Sackett's Harbor. For thirty years, Mr. Douglas and Capt. Billings were associated in business, and when they dissolved partnership, the new firm was Douglas & Son.* About 1810, there were five stores at Trenton, which were carried on by the following persons: Mappa & Remsen, Chapman & Cooper, Billings & Douglas, Brooks & Mason, and Mr. Griswold. At that time there was no village of Prospect. There was Remsen, but no store there; Holland Patent, but no store there; Russia, but no store there. And thus the trade of that part of Herkimer county, and all this part of Oneida county was tributary to your village, and some trade came over from Martinsburg.

* See letter from Mr. John W. Douglas in Appendix.

Mr. Tuttle states that Colonel Thomas Hicks built the house in which Dr. Guiteau now resides. He was an influential and active citizen, and an ardent Federalist. The house in which Judge Van der Kemp resided, Mr. Tuttle thinks was built by him. That is quite likely, but the original poor, thin, cold building cannot now be recognized in the pretty and comfortable cottage occupied by Mr. Silsbee.

From 1816 to 1871, Mr. Tuttle owned 164 acres of land, which included all of Trenton Falls on the west side of Canada Creek, up to Fanning's (now Perkins') south line, except the first or Sherman fall. He gave for it in 1816, from $20 to $25 per acre, and sold it in 1871, to Mr. Moore, for $100 per acre, but Mr. Moore occupied the land under a lease, twenty years before he purchased it. Mr. Tuttle states thst prior to 1822, those who wished to see the falls used to stop at the Backus Hotel, now Mr. Skinner's house, in your village, and then go to the ravine by a path across the fields and through some gates. About the year, 1822, Joseph Bonaparte, who then lived in New Jersey, gave money to Mr. Backus to blast out some of the rock in the ravine, so as to make a safe walk. Bonaparte was delighted with the beauty of the falls, and predicted that they would be of great note; and to-day Mr. Moore's register will show the names of visitors from all parts of the world. Among the first of your inhabitants, Judge John Storrs held the office of Supervisor eleven years; Peter Schuyler ten years, and William Rollo eighteen

years. When we look back upon the early settlers we wish we had the time to give the name and history of every one, but they numbered between two and three hundred as early as 1804. We can only therefore refer to a few.

William Miller came from Schagticoke to Trenton at about the same time that Gerrit Boon did, in 1793. There were then but three log houses in what is now Utica. He was a German by birth and a blacksmith by trade, and for the first few years worked for Boon, making among other things all the iron work of the grist mill built by the latter. In 1796 he bought and took the deeds of two tracts of land, amounting to about two hundred acres, in Servis' Patent, Herkimer county, but now in the town of Trenton, and the same have been ever since owned by his heirs. The original deeds are signed by Gerrit Boon and by Herman LeRoy and William Bayard, by Boon, their attorney. No town is mentioned in the deeds, which were acknowledged before Arthur Breese, Master in Chancery, and recorded in Herkimer county clerk's office, December 14th, 1797, while Jonas Platt was County Clerk. William Miller then cleared up about fifty acres of land, built a log house, went back to Rensselaer county, and was married and brought his wife back with him, and lived upon this land until his death. His oldest child was John Miller, who was born November 18th, 1798. Major Henry Miller was the third child, and was born in 1802. He still has the old deeds and papers of his father, executed at that early time, and can remember when not a

tree was cut between the creeks from his father's farm to the Renshaw place, and there was not a house at Trenton Falls. When John Sherman taught at the Renshaw Place, Henry Miller attended his school, going and coming by a foot path through the woods. This Renshaw Place was afterwards known as the Tuttle farm. Tuttle worked for Maj. John Mappa, and Col. Mappa deeded this place to Tuttle. William Miller at one time owned a slave, but afterwards gave her her freedom. The bill of sale to him, which is still in the hands of Major Henry Miller, is dated October 30th, 1804, from Pascal C. J. DeAngelis, for the price of £75, of a "Negro girl slave, named Patience, of the age of twenty-four years."* Long after she was free she continued to live with Henry Miller, until she was married, when he gave her a house and lot near his residence, which she occupied to the end of her life.

Mrs. Ann Jones is the daughter of a Welsh Baptist minister. She began to live here with the Mappas when about twelve years old, and lived with them until she was married. She is now about 86, and has a good memory. I have obtained from her some of the narratives already given to you, and to them, should be added the following account of the substantial manner of living of our Dutch ancestry:

1st—At half-past seven in the morning, tea and bread and butter.

* See copy of this bill of sale in Appendix.

2d—At 11 o'clock, a lunch for the gentlemen.

3d—At 1 o'clock, dinner.

4th—At 6 o'clock, a light tea.

5th—At 9 o'clock, a hearty supper of cold meat and hot vegetables, followed by sound sleep, and a good old age.

Pascal C. J. DeAngelis was of foreign birth, but came to this country in boyhood. He took an active part in the revolutionary war in the naval service, and was taken prisoner by the British, and confined in Dartmoor prison. After the war he built and commanded a vessel in the merchant service, trading principally with the West Indies. Becoming acquainted with Mr. Johnson, one of the proprietors of Holland Patent, named after Lord Holland—and which must not be confounded with the land of the Holland Land Company—he was persuaded by his friend, Mr. Fisk, to forsake his favorite element, and to join him and a Mr. Hubbard in the purchase of one-quarter of this Holland Patent. They all came on in 1797, finding an unbroken wilderness, except where a few families had made small clearings.

Under date of October 12, 1797, James Hulbert receipts "the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars, of P. C. J. DeAngelis, for improvements and buildings." These consisted of a log house, on land now occupied by W. W. DeAngelis as a garden. In this rude building the family of Judge DeAngelis were glad to take their first night's rest.

Mr. Fisk built the first frame house in Holland Patent, which is that in which F. H. Thomson now lives. Judge DeAngelis built the next, now occupied by Mr. Charles M. White and his aged mother. This was built in the year 1800. I am informed by Dr. Guiteau that at an early day there lived at Holland Patent, a Deacon Palmer, who entered the army of the Revolution at eighteen years of age, and who was with it when the American and British forces occupied what was known as the neutral ground, near New York. At a meeting of some officers from both sides, one of the British claimed that they had a man in their service who could throw any American soldier. This resulted in a challenge and a wrestling match which stirred up a great deal of interest and national pride. The officers of the American army selected young Palmer as the champion wrestler of our side. The officers of the British army selected as their champion a large and powerful soldier, weighing about 240 pounds, who, when he saw young Palmer, (who was slight,) objected to wrestling with that boy; but Palmer, who was an expert wrestler, insisted upon the contest, and speedily threw his antagonist and won the match, to the great delight of our army. Sometime after the war Palmer moved to Holland Patent, and became a deacon in the Congregational Church; but afterwards, through the influence of Mr. Sherman he "lapsed from orthodoxy" and became an Unitarian. There was another deacon of firmer mind, who was orthodox, who not only did not lapse from what he

considered the true faith, but also deeply resented the heterodoxy of his brother deacon; and so on one occasion when Palmer was at his house, he introduced the subject. The result was that a controversy on creeds arose which became so hot that the orthodox deacon lost his temper and ordered Palmer out of his house. To this order the response was, "Brother deacon, I shan't go;" then, "I will put you out;" then, "You know you can't do that;" and thereupon the deacons militant grappled one another; but alas! orthodoxy in that form was overthrown and heterodox Palmer triumphantly held his brother on the floor until he fairly gave up the bodily contest. The wife of the orthodox deacon, who had witnessed this extraordinary theological and physical debate, told her husband that he was in fault, and proposed a mug of cider from the cellar as a cup of peace. This proposition was accepted, and we hear of no further controversy between the parties; and nobody after that proposed to settle any difference with Palmer by single combat. He lived to be over seventy years of age and died, and was buried at Holland Patent.*

I must here close this imperfect and unfinished account of this town, but not without the hope of gathering hereafter more facts and making a more complete record.

This celebration is the work of the ladies of Trenton, and it is upon their invitation that I have given this

* For an account of other citizens of the town of Trenton, see in Appendix the statements given to me by Mr. Warren C. Rowley.

review of the early history of this place, but no review can be considered complete which fails to show how large a share of the prosperity and virtue of the early settlers, was due to the self denial, and intelligence, and Christian principles of the women who shared with the men, all the trials, and dangers, and deprivations of their forest life.

The women of the Revolution and of the first settlements, were the equals of the men in courage and resource to meet the necessities of a new country—and they were their superiors in refinement. The wives of the distinguished persons I have mentioned brought with them all the politeness and courtly manners of the Old World, and imparted them to their children. The memory of Miss Mappa and Miss Van der Kemp is still fresh in the minds of you all—their unassuming goodness, their gentle ways, not unmingled with energy, are household talk with you, and so did they endear themselves to you that you yet think and speak of them as relatives—nor do you forget the fresh grave of Madame De Castro. I venture not beyond the mention of these names, lest I trespass upon grounds which you may think too sacred for this public occasion, but I can say that the general traits of their character pervaded this community, and that the religious, the thinking, and the working blood of the old world (and that is the only blood worth having or saving,) found its way here, and showed its superiority as well in the forests of America as in the Courts of Kings. Mothers instilled into the hearts and

minds of their children patriotism and virtue, and it is only when men depart from maternal precepts that they sacrifice their integrity, and bring disgrace upon the offices of trust confided to them. To restore integrity and purity to the American people, in public and private, we look not to Legislatures, not to Governors or Presidents, not to Conventions, but to the MOTHER'S TEACHINGS in her own home, where she reigns supreme, and where her influence will determine the future history of this country. It is for her to check the extravagance of the present time, and to restore the simplicity and economy of living of the early days of the Republic.

When I consider the past, I have no misgivings of the future. The history of the settlers of Trenton is the fulfillment of the words of the Psalmist, "Though he suffer them to be evil entreated through tyrants and let them wander out of the way in the wilderness, yet helpeth he the poor out of misery and maketh him households like a flock of sheep,"—and with the Psalmist may we all say, "Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed and delivered from the hand of the enemy; and gathered them out of the lands from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South."

APPENDIX.

CONTENTS OF APPENDIX.

I. Letters from Francis Adrian Van der Kemp to Col. Adam B. Mappa, in 1792, giving an account of his journey from Kingston to Lake Ontario, on horseback, and by canoe.

II. Partial catalogue of works of Judge Van der Kemp, furnished by Mr. H. A. Homes, State Librarian.

III. Mr. William Tracy's narrative of Hugh White's grandchild.

IV. Mr. William Tracy's narrative of the rescue of James Dean.

V. Extract from Miss Margaret C. Conkling's book, relative to the weaving of cloth at General Washington's homestead during the Revolution.

VI. Letter from Mr. John W. Douglas.

VII. Statement of Mr. Warren C. Rowley.

VIII. Bill of sale of slave girl Patience, in Trenton.

LETTERS

FROM

FRANCIS ADRIAN VAN DER KEMP

TO

COL. ADAM G. MAPPA,

On a Tour through a part of the Western District of New York, in 1792.

Non ego Romulea, miror, quod Pastor in urbe
Sceptra gerat. Pastor conditor urbis erat.

G. Buchanani, Frat Frater: p. 96

LETTERS.

KINGSTON, 15 July, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR—You desire then with such ardour, to be informed of my opinion, in regard to the settlements on the north-western parts of our State, that I will not delay one moment longer to gratify you with all the information I possess on this momentous subject, although I deem it superficial. I shall join to it a concise diary of my excursion to that district. In this I have consulted your wishes with those of other friends here and on the other side of the Atlantic. Could I now adorn this journal with the embellishment of our new adopted language, and make it as interesting as Moore's Travels, my labors should be well rewarded; but trusting on your indulgence and knowing that even a faint glimmering is desirable when we are surrounded with darkness, I waive to make any further apology.

The period perhaps in which you may judge that you shall promote the interests of your family, by transplanting it from your delightful residence on the Second River, to the western wilderness, is not far distance. Perhaps the vivid sense of duty and the prospect of future advantages may spur you to follow the steps of a friend, who, tossed by various cares, disgusted with the bustle of public life, and longing to enjoy retirement, and securing to his children a permanent tranquil abode, searched for an asylum in that part of our

State to which he should have been lured by the delightful scenery of that country—by its fertility and the exuberant treasures of its lakes and rivers, could he have induced two or three congenial families to share in this enterprise. Every interesting point which I communicated to you two years past when I made a trip to the western branch of the Delaware, shall now appear to you in a new light, and my fanciful description, as thou wast pleased to caricature it, naked truth; while it shall contribute, in its turn, to place beyond doubt the continually increasing grandeur and incalculable power, at which this State, within a few years, must arrive with gigantic strides, if wisdom directs the steps of its children, and convince you that its western and north-western parts are to be regarded as the main-springs of its opulence and grandeur.

Do not expect, my dear sir, that I can spread glowing colors on the scenery, although I was often fascinated by it. Do not look for a picturesque description; do not search for artful exertions to cover the nakedness of the land: No—this country does not want such auxiliaries. A simple diary—a dry account of the soil and trees—an incorrect list of the finned tribe in the western waters—viz.: the few we could catch, comprehends the extent to which I can engage myself. I wish to convince you—I spurn to take you by surprise. Did I even write in behalf of the public, then yet I should only exert myself to express that with energy which I so lively felt, and my uncouth language would be persuading; would extort the wish from an European bosom. Ah! could I secure a residence in that happy country! would compel the opulent miser to collect his musty dollars and exchange these for some thousand acres of that wild land. Yes, my

dear, I am convinced that half a dozen Dutch families, with a dozen substantial, industrious farmers and expert fishing men, seconded by one hundred Yankees, might render, in a few years, this country the envied spot to the oldest and best cultivated parts of the thirteen States.

The increasing prosperity of our State strikes the eye of short-sighted indolence: the foreigner admires our affluence, and our neighbour, the frugal, industrious Pennsylvanian should ardently wish that he could transplant the advantages of New York State to his own soil. Now, he often reluctantly leaves it, and becomes here indebted for a great part to Nature, which he owed before to his prudent State Administration.

I acknowledge, my dear sir, that our State constitution is upon the whole well organized, and the eagle-ey'd friend of liberty discovers only here and there a flaw, which might be altered—might be amended—but which, nevertheless, cannot obstruct, cannot disembogue our prosperity through another channel.

Pennsylvania's industry—Pennsylvania's progress in agriculture; in arts and sciences; Pennsylvania's encouragements to cultivate their wild lands have roused the New Yorkers from their profound sleep, and, perhaps, were a spur to our public councils to press their steps. Already a beginning is made of opening roads to the West; the streams are covered with bridges, and rewards are offered to encourage agriculture and elevate the natural productions of the soil to the highest possible perfection. The bee-hive of New England is opened, and, although flowery fields may allure many drones in the beginning, who even are beneficial in

many respects, myriads of that enlightened, active race shall, ere long, be amalgam with the old settlers. It may retard awhile the forming of our national character; it must enhance it in other respects. It shall blend the virtues, soften the harsh and too much protuberant features of the one and the other, and bring forward under God's blessing, a virtuous, independent, lofty nation.

Unincumbered with debts, what is more—a creditor of the United States, that of New York can advance to its industrious citizens, thousands of pounds, and acquit itself actually of this parental charge in a generous manner. It possesses, nevertheless, an immense surplus to bestow on its daily expenditures, in the digging of canals, clearing the creeks and erecting sluices, without burthening its inhabitants with taxes, trifling ones excepted, for the benefit of the individual counties.

Our commerce is increasing daily; our merchantmen cross every sea; our flag is treated with respect in the Indies, while those of the Pacific Ocean have become acquainted with its thirteen stripes; so that you may assert with full truth what Caesar did of Pompey's armies, and the navy, by which his succors were cut off; that no wind can blow or it favours some of our vessels. The balance of trade inclines more and more; the exchange shall ere long be generally in our advantage; the credit of our paper money, which in 1788 could not be exchanged for cash under 7 per cent, is restored and placed on a par with hard dollars ere long, if prudence continues to direct the helm; if the nation becomes not too soon intoxicated by its prosperity; if certain advantages are not sacrificed to visionary possibilities, we shall be the envy of the world, at least come in for a full share with the British

and the Dutch. The manufacturers are encouraged more and more, and increase in numbers and perfection, and must do so, at least for home consumption. The only thing yet wanting is a yet more copious population than that which is already an object of surprise, while in this peculiar branch of a nation's wealth the wise politician will not grasp at a shadow to lose a reality in possession.

You know me too well to suppose that I should underrate the value of manufacturers: no, sir! I am too deeply penetrated of the immense prize which this boon is worth, as soon it is obtainable; but I do not look out for that period as long we possess thousands of millions of acres, good for tillage; as long our population is not proportioned to this immense territory; as long the wages are so high; as long every industrious man can become the lord of the soil—can become independent; as long the foreign market can afford to send us supplies, even in our own vessels, at a lower rate and of a superior quality than what we can manufacture.

It is quite another thing, my dear sir that the wealthy patriot generously devotes a small share of his patrimony to their encouragement and improvement, so that in time of need, we may supply our wants, even if all the ports of the world were shut before us, and another thing to risk imprudently his all to press a chimerical theory. It is quite another thing to use and encourage these means, to support the widow, the orphan, the indigent in the neighborhood and suburbs of the large cities, than to lure the rugged child of the field to the loom, to the forge and glasshouse, and persuade the robust youth that he is no more free behind his plow or harrow, or when he shoulders his axe for the woods, than under the eye and control of the tax masters of

the voluntary work house. Agriculture is under God's blessing our tutelar genius, and as long as she goes hand in hand with commerce, as long both are encouraged and flourish and prosper, as long the gifts of a bountiful God are showered upon us with such a rich profusion, I cannot, no; let me say more truly I do not envy, that other Nations share in His blessings which are not yet adapted to our present situation. As soon our treaty of commerce with Great Britain shall be concluded, then the bond of union between the brethren shall be consolidated, and the prayers and praises of both countries shall ascend to heaven. The western forts, so long withheld, shall then be surrendered, and the commerce of our State receive nourishment from hitherto forbidden springs. The State of New York, indeed, though not aiming at dominion over the sister States, possesses so many high prerogatives, that sh emay claim to be at par with the proudest, and if she does not imperiously pretend to her precedence, would humble herself too low could she stoop to carry the train of her fair sister. Our situation alone, if the products of the country were less valuable, would secure to this State an eminent share in our National Commerce; with the Atlantic Ocean to the South, the Lakes Champlain, St. George, Ontario, Erie, with the river St. Lawrence to the North, with Canada in our rear, New England and the Jersey's to cover our sides, the State seems rather to have been fashioned according to the modern system of *arrondissement* than well by nature, and yet the conqueror's sword did not give us one inch. It is our paternal inheritance. The produce of a part of the Jerseys, of a vast part of New Hampshire, Connecticut, the back parts of Massachusetts, with the State of Vermont, do find our emporium of New York, the most desirable, advantageous market.

Our inland navigation, superior to that of many, equal already to the best watered States in the Union, contributes greatly to the increase of our commerce. The North, or the beautiful Hudson River, which the British, during our last unnatural war, considered as the line of health, in proportion that they approached to or retreated from its borders, navigable to large vessels to Hudson, 130 miles above New York, with sloops from eighty ton and more to Albany, 165, and many miles more high with bateaux and small rafts. This majestic river receives besides, numerous rivulets more or less navigable, above Albany at the Cohoes—a cascade of 67 feet—the Mohawk river, meandering through fertile fields, from where he originates to the north of Fort Stanwix. It was here that in former days, before our late happy Revolution, the Mohawk Indians resided, from whom it mutuated his name.

Although the Mohawk becomes navigable for bateaux at no great distance from the Cohoes, all merchandise, nevertheless, is thus far carried by wagons from Albany to Schenectadi, from whence these are conveyed in bateaux about one hundred miles, including one mile portage, at the Little Falls, via Fort Stanwix. Here is a carrying place of half a mile to the Wood creek, which empties its waters after it is joined by the Fish creek in the Oneida Lake, as handsome, as rich in fish as any Lake in the western world. Above Fort Brewerton its waters disembogue through the Onondaga and Oswego Rivers in Lake Ontario, paying all their homage through the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean.

Our government, I am informed, has passed a law to clear the navigation from the Mohawk to the Hudson. If this is not correct, then it is a prognostication what it shall, what

it ought to do at a future time. So much is certain, that it is resolved to open the carrying place between the Hudson and Wood creek, and to clear the latter from many obstructions: several thousand £ have already been consecrated by the Legistature to this salutary undertaking, while subscriptions for the *deficit* have been opened in Albany and New York with such a success, that they were filled in a few days.

See here then, my dear sir, an easy communication by water carriage opened between the most distant parts of this extensive commonwealth; see the markets of New York, Albany and Schenectadi, glutted with the produce of the West, and the comforts of the South distributed with a liberal hand among the agricultures of this new country. The fur trade begins already to revive, shall ere long recover her former vigor, when the western Forts are surrendered, and if it remains shared as it naturally must, by the North Western Company, this seeming loss shall be fully compensated from other branches, grafted in the wants and interests of the Canadians. But this is not all, sir. It is rather the breaking out of the sunshine thro' a morning fog in a charming summer day. Fort Stanwix must become a staple place of the commodities of the West, stored there from the fertile lands bordering the lakes and rivers, and Old Fort Schuyler nearly the central part of intercourse between the North and West, transformed in an opulent mercantile city, where future Lorenzos will foster and protect arts and sciences, where the tomahawk and scalping knife shall be replaced by the chisel and pencil of the artist, and the wigwam by marble palaces. Do not think that I dream, Sir! *Fulto Si pero, quando si vuole.*

Our canals at the Falls, at Fort Stanwix open an early communication between the Lakes Ontario and Oneida, which

is possible and *can* thus be executed, and a large part of the work is peracted. Go on then and dig canals through the western district, and be not afraid "that a single hair shall be hurt on the head of its inhabitants by the waves of Lake Erie," Dare only to undertake the enterprise, and I warrant the success,—or do you deem it a more arduous undertaking as the canal of Languedoc? and this was performed. Do not answer I beg you—this was the work of the *Grand Monarque*. Have you forgotten the river, the Yssel, the *fossa Drusiana*? this was the work of a Roman general and his army—and are we not, do we not pretend, at least to be the most enlightened nation on the globe? Should then a Republican Government, rich in men and in wealth, shrink to accomplish what Louis XIV executed? You were more sanguine when you did lead your patriotic citizens against the Prussian myrmidons, at the *Nieuwersluys*, and you are too candid, not to acknowledge now, that your hope of success was irretrievably past. Give me the disposal of fifty New York purses, give me only the credit of that city, and I shall do what others promised in florid speeches; or, art thou apprehensive, that the spell of your enchantment shall be broken, give me the Republican wand of Caius Popilius, and I will go to the water-nymph Erie and trace a beautiful canoe, thro' which her Ladyship shall be compelled to pay a part of her tribute to the Ocean through the Genesee Country, engaging her a courteous attendance from lakes and creeks, to wait on Her Grace during this extorted excursion, and leaving her the consolation of the Doge of Genoa at the French Court "to admire no object but herself," during her course through our country to the Hudson River.

Our agriculture is considerably improved, although much is yet wanted before it can be compared with what is per-

formed in Europe. Nine tenths of our farmers possess often double and treble the land than which they can or pretend to cultivate. It is a too generally prevalent system, to be rather contented with the crop which the field spontaneously yields than to aim at a richer harvest, obtainable by a more industrious tillage.

The example of the Pensylvanians, the thousands of New England men, who, flocking annually in this State, ameliorate our husbandry, improve our stock, and transform our woodlands in productive fields, the creation, and if anything does—it deserves this name—the creation of an Agricultural Society at New York, a similar association at Albany, the the offered premiums to the largest produce of maple sugar, that blessing of heaven to the back countries, little inferior to the sugar of the West Indies, the encouraging acts of our Legislature in opening new roads, and other beneficial plans, yet in embryo—all this united had altered our agriculture.

How could it be any other way, my Dear Sir? There the richness of the soil pays tenfold our industy; there the climate is temperate, mild, nearly as that in the Netherlands. The population is generally in our States, principally in New England—in this State, peculiarly in its western parts, baffling all imagination. A marriage without issue is a rare phenomenon—from five to nine is no unusual number of children—often a dozen or more.

The fertility of our soil, principally in the Western District, where one acre often produces as much as three in any other part of the State; our inland navigation; abundance of fish, of fuel, our well regulated State Government, maintaining every one by his religious as well as civil rights; admit-

ting no privileged Church, nor loading an unbelieving herd with tapes for its support, have yearly whole shoals of New England men or Europeans to settle in this State or Pensylvania.

Here the crops but seldom fail; the long winters so fatal in the Southern States, are here seldom injurious, as the snow remains till the earth begins to be adorned again with a fresh tapestry. Wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, potatoes with every kind of garden vegetables and orchard fruits, the water melon, the cantaloup, the grape not excluded, arrive in the western and often in the northern parts of this State to perfection.

The increasing population, the rage of speculation in land, by Americans, Dutch, and Englishmen, double actually the value of the lands. An acre sold four years since, from 1 to 6 shillings is now valued at ten. I speak of woodland; cultivated farms have risen from £4 to 6, and this price is doubled in the neighborhood of villages.

Every family does increase the value of the adjacent uncultivated lands and five and twenty of the hundred farms, sold at one dollar per acre, augment the price of the remaining 75 to sixteen shillings, while the sale of 25 more, the soil being equal, doubles it yet four or five times.

The western parts of this State, Sir, are now generally considered, as its richest and most valuable part, which spurs every fore handed man to appropriate a part of it to himself or his children. It is nevertheless to be regretted, although this hindrance is compensated again by some great advantages, that few individuals become owners of such immense tracts by which as soon they have made some flourishing establishments, they are enabled to increase the price of the remain-

der, arbitrarily; but here, too, avarice betrays often the possessor. The prudent landholder blends the public interests with his own, reaches in both his aim, becomes his benefactor of a country, which repays him with usury; is their father, who are delighted in his welfare and opulence, and obliges his country by multiplying its useful citizens, augmenting the products of the land, and increasing the wealth of the State.

Justice requires, as I hinted, the disadvantages of a few great landholders, owning more acres of land than many Princes and Dukes in Germany, that I mention the favourable side of this question. They open generally with enormous expense, the roads, erect mills, make liberal advances to the honest industrious settler, and make his payments easy. Besides, a few of these have resolved to settle in the wilderness, and allure by their example, many respectable families to press their steps.

All this shall, I hope, dear Sir, convince you that the western parts of this State shall be settled within a few years, that the actual owners of the land must become independent, and that every industrious family which invests her small property in a good farm, if it continues to exert itself must, under God's blessing, ere long be at ease and affluence.

I am yours,

Fr. Ad. Van der Kemp.

Kingston, 19 July, 1792.

Kingston, July 27, 1792.

My Dear Sir—I asserted, when I had lately the pleasure of seeing you, that I did not boast when I assured you in my last letter, that the western counties were the best part, and

would be, ere long, the most potent part of our State in every sense of the word; that it cannot fail, or every judicious landholder in the Western District, who is acquainted with the value of his lands, who knows when he may sell, and when his interest requires to put a stop to his sale, must acquire a considerable fortune within 25 years; or, that every independent family, which makes a purchase there, and retains in reserve a surplus, to supply it in the beginning with articles of the first necessity, and smooth the ruggedness of their new career, by what the convenience and comfort of a family requires, may, within six years, be as much at ease, as in any other part of the State, and shall be plentifully rewarded by the fruits of their labors, and secure to their children, even during the life of their parents, an independent station. I might have said which I know could not be an inducement to you—that seats in both houses of the Legislature, offices of honor and trust are of course alloted to men of any respetability, if this glitter has any charms in their eye.

You may recollect, Sir, that when I communicated to you my excursion to the western branch of the Delaware, I informed you of some particulars relating to the settlements of that part of our western world, which drew forth a few others with regard to Dutchess and Ulster county. These may be subservient to illustrate my assertions in favor of the west. The situation of Dutchess, now one of the most populous counties, was fifty years past, not more favorable, than that of many parts of the Western District at present. Mr. Livingston, then clerk of that county, could scarce afford to keep a horse from the emoluments of his office, while now his annual perquisites exceed £700.

The families of Livingston, Beekman, Van Rensalaer, Van Courtland, Schuyler, in one word, all the powerful families of this State, merchants excepted, acquired their actual wealth and respectability by the purchase of new lands, and their judicious settlements on these. I should not have been surprised, my dear Sir, had a certain respectable family succeeded in the purchase of Rosevelt's tract, or we should have seen ere long an elegant country seat on the banks of Lake Oneida, encircled at some distance, by well cultivated farms. You would have fostered a similar opinion, with this difference only, that it would have been generally more favorable as you were, during the last years of your residence in Europe, better inured by fatigues than your friend, could you, as I did hope, have accompanied him on this journey. His excellency, George Clinton, thought so, and joined our names together in all the letters of recommendation with which his kindness honoured me again, as he was wonted to do in former excursions.

I remained long in suspense before I could resolve in what manner I should undertake the expedition, either with a sloop to Albany, then with a wagon to Schenctadi, and so ascend the Mohawk in a Bateau, or with a chair to Schenectady, or at once on horseback to Fort Stanwix: ease pleaded for one of the former, my preference was given to a chair; but the impossibility to obtain one here in any way, and the apprehension that the sloop and Bateau would require a vast deal of time, more than I could have alloted to this excursion, made me at length resolve—although with reluctance, to go on horseback. Since 1773, when I asked my dismission the Dutch cavalry, I had not rode a horse, except in 1778 from from Alexandria to Mount Vernon, when I visited General Washington. Now it was a journey of nearly two hundred

miles. But I was resolved; my good neighbor provided me with a saddle, and other accoutrements of a cavalier—I risked to take one of my own horses—and proceeded slowly on. You are acquainted with all these parts so far as the house of the widow of Philip Schuyler, so that I cannot communicate anything deserving your attention. Now and then I ventured a few rods, but soon permitted the horse to resume his easy pace. About noon I had passed the *Grooten Imbogt*, about twenty miles from home, went on after dinner to Catskill, and took tea with Mr. Bogardus at the Landing, which is indeed a very agreeable spot. The increasing population of the western country gave birth to this little hamlet on the North river. Several merchants from New England and this State had established themselves; last year their number was augmented to twenty, and this year seventeen new buildings, houses and stores, were finished. The situation is indeed delightful on the banks of a large creek, and not far distant from the North river, very well adapted for trading with the western country.

The soil has nothing extraordinary to recommend it, neither was it chosen on this account by the first settlers; their views were further extended; they did foresee, that even barren rocks, which by no means is the case, might, under the vivifying influence of commerce, render these a comfortable habitation. The inhabitants were chiefly respectable men, while the family of Mr. Bogardus peculiarly might have tempted you and me to fix our residence on that spot, could we have contemplated it, on our arrival from Europe, so as it now appears.

Towards evening, I rode on to Cough Sagie and stopped at the house of John Bronk, persuaded after having travelled

forty miles at the first onset, that I could accomplish my purpose. My supper was but indifferent—tea, bread and butter, with a bit of warmed mutton, but in full compensation of it, the mistress of the house was very civil. Next morning, I went to Albany, where I met with a cordial reception from Dr. Marcius, whose hospitality, frankness, and amiable character, leave you scarce time to do justice to his professional merits. Every instant the decision of the election of a new Governor was expected, and, as the city was pretty equally divided between the two illustrious candidates, Clinton and Jay, a painful anxiety was legible in every countenance. At 8 o'clock, it was known with certainty that George Clinton was reëlected for the sixth time. The joy of his friends was more moderate than might been conjectured from the ardent zeal with which they had patrocinated this high respected statesman, while the friends of Mr. Jay, spurred by the noblest motives in promoting his election with all their strength, knew too well their interests and duty to disturb it. This is the genuine spirit of Republicanism, but alas! too seldom listened to. In the morning the sound of guns proclaimed the Governor's election to the neighborhood.

On Friday morning, I rode on to Schenectadi, where I spent a few hours with the Rev. Romeyn, one of the most learned and eminent divines of the Reformed Church in this State, beloved by his flock, respected by the most respectable in the State, as a man, a citizen and a Christian preacher. He communicated to me many important observations with regard to the soil, the stupendously increasing population of the western country, with its vast increasing strength. Without Albany, without the commerce of New York, continued he pleasantly, the south of the State might soon become an appendage to the west. With a lively ecstasy he expatiated

on all its advantages, and gave me, with his usual accuracy, a picturesque description of the various settlements of the Mohawk. He praised the luxuriant fields on this river; dwelt with delight on the towns of German Flatts and Herkimer; but Schoharie he called a terrestial paradise, and described its farmers amongst the wealthiest and happiest inhabitants of New York State. He assured me that fifteen hundred families passed by his house during the winter of '91, to various parts of the western lands; while I was afterwards informed by another credible witness, that during the winter of '90, within forty miles of the river-point, where the rivers of Onondaga, Seneca and Oswego are joined, had been counted 240 span oxen.

I proceeded after dinner about twenty miles further; stopped a few moments at the ancient residence of Sir William, now occupied by Mr. Jacob Cuyler, and remained at night on Trip's Hill, at Mr. Putnam's, six miles from Canghwaga. On Saturday morning I breakfasted at Simon Veeder's, Esq., rode on eight miles farther to Bankert's Inn and arrived about noon at the mansion of the respectable widow of Col. Phil. Schuyler, in Palatine-town. There I met with a cordial reception: Mrs. Schuyler appeared most interested in the welfare of Mrs. v. d. K. and our John, who with us four years past had been entertained under her hospitable roof. I was again much pleased with her animated, intelligent conversation, and gathered more real information from a desultory discourse than I might have received from an elaborate discussion of a philosopher who had never seen the country. She informed me too of the best houses on the road.

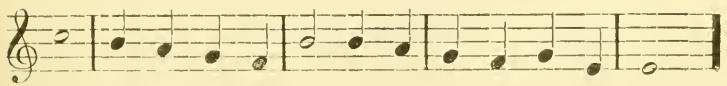
After dinner I crossed the Mohawk three miles above Palatine-town, and did see Canajoharie, which name, although I

cannot now interpret, yet I hope to have it in my power after a while. You recollect that sample of Canadian song

Cani-de-jouve, cani-de-jouve,
He, he, he, he, ha, *heura*, heura ou ce be.*

In the *Diction. de Musique,* if you can explain this, you too may give the etymology of this place. After a ride of seven miles further, I tarried at a *ci-devant* Indian castle, now a very recommendable inn, kept by Mr. Hudzon, to drink a dish of superior good tea. It was my design to proceed to Herkimer, as I was informed that I was to meet there a good reception, but my good horse was scarce able to lift one foot before the other; consider further that this good beast, by often going and returning, to examine one or other object a little more carefully by always pacing even on the roughest road, was thoroughly fatigued; that the sun was set; that I was ignorant of the road, and, as you would say, not much to be trusted where I knew it; and that, above this all, Capt. Bellinger, the landlord of a homely tavern, endeavored to persuade me that I ought to stay with him, because, he said, the horse could not proceed farther; that to-morrow if he might now recruit, it would make it up with a double speed. And then reflecting that the cavalier longed for rest as much as his beast, you cannot be surprised that your friend yielded so soon to the urgent entreaties of that

*



noble captain. My supper was not above mediocrity; my bed and sleep of the first-rate. The hope of repairing my loss of the evening by a good breakfast, made me stir early, so that I arrived at eight at Mr. Aldritz, in former days another Indian castle. The respectable appearance of the landlord and his lady, their dress, countenance, manners, language, the furniture, the neatness of the house, the order and promptitude with which the commands were executed, soon convinced me that my conjecture would not dwindle away in an airy vision. Good bread and butter, excellent tea, fresh eggs, with a dish of salmon trout, a sort of European forrel, worthy to be presented to the best man in the State, were more than sufficient to satisfy a craving hunger. Now was I in Herkimer; crossed again the Mohawk; paced slowly through the German Flatts, a beautiful plain, whose rich fertility must strike even the inattentive eye; from the charming fields covered with all sorts of grain: here wheat, corn, potatoes; there oats, peas, barley; there again another variety of the same products, at intervals surrounded or separated with clover. These flatts, terminated from one side by the Mohawk, from the other by the rising hills, at whose bottom the farm houses and churches were constructed, maintain many thousand descendants of native Germans, who, searching a refuge from infatuated despotism, in this land of liberty, have chiefly preserved the manners, language and religion of their ancestors. The same is true with regard to their neighbors in German-town and Herkimer—all of German origin, somewhat tempered with British, Dutch and American blood.

Col. Staringh was the man by whom I intended to dine if it was obtainable. Although his honour was at the same time a Judge of the Common Pleas, thus high in civil and mil-

itary grandeur, yet he kept a public house, and my imagination was soon highly inflamed when I glanced on his mansion and its appurtenances. The Colonel was gone to the meeting; his barn was the place of worship. I went thither; the assembled congregation was very numerous; our Lord's Supper was celebrated with decency, and as it appears to me by many with fervent devotion. Four children were baptized by the Rev. Rosekrantz, of the German Flatts, who made this pastoral visit to direct these religious solemnities. After service the flock crowded promiscuously in the Colonel's house and used sparingly some refreshments. The large majority gloried at the renewed election of George Clinton, while the weighty principle of many was, "Now certainly the court house should be fixed there, as they had generally given their votes for George, while very many on the German Flatts, with the same motive, with the same hope, had been lured to vote for Mr. John Jay. So wantonly plays the multitude with that for every freeman so precious privilege of election: for traveling a mile, more or less, yea for thousand times more pitiful if not for more contemptible motives is nominal liberty transformed in actual slavery. I cannot see it, or I bewail the general state of mankind! How divine is the theory, how difficult, how unattainable nearly the solid practice of a pure popular goverment, except among a poor, virtuous class, within its family of brothers, as in Switzerland. We, my dear sir, paid dearly for our visionary schemes of perfection, and I do not yet regret it, as we found here liberty blended by laws, and so much aristocracy rendered constitutional that neither the one nor the many can do wrong for a long time, and so much democracy saved as to keep the remainder from degenerating and degrading herself; while I deem him a miscreant who abuses this good by

name, to spread a cloak over his nefarious, ambitious views till he sees the road open to crush the few and the many together. May Adams' defence become a general school book, and his lessons brought in practice.

The presence of the Rev. Pastor; the solemnity of the sacred festival; the presence of the fathers of the baptized children, some of them related to the Colonel, procured me a good dinner. A very good soup, salad, roasted chickens, beef and pork, with bread and butter, were soon destroyed by fifteen or sixteen hungry guests. The Rev. Rosekrantz was born in the Dutchy of the Paltz-Tweebruggen, from a respectable family of Swedish origin. Endowed with a learned education he was not a stranger in elegant literature; a serious preacher who knew the art to enliven society with a well regulated hilarity.

At nine miles distance, near old Fort Schuyler, I crossed the Mohawk River for the last time; took my tea at Mr. John Post's; reached Whitesborough about evening and stopped at the house of Judge White, the father of this flourishing settlement, to whom and Mr. Jonas Platt, his Ex. Geo. Clinton had favored me with letters of introduction. I met on the road to Whitesborough a group of Oneida Indians, some of them on horseback, others walking and jumping; the one with a bottle, another with a jug or small keg with rum; for the most part merrily jolly: some deeply soaked by the beverage, distilled from the cane. Their numbers increased in proportion as I approached nearer Whitesborough. There I saw about two hundred, of every age and of both sexes, around their fires near the road, eating, drinking, smoking, singing, laughing, all them in perfect harmony together, though many a little before had tried their strength and agility upon one another.

The occasion of this unusual concourse was that they came to receive the corn from the State, which had been stipulated in one of the articles of the late treaty. But they soon changed this corn, certainly for a large part, by the merchants for money, which they changed again for chintzes, silk, handkerchiefs, linen, &c.

How longer and oftener I contemplate these Indian tribes, how more I am confirmed in my conjecture, which was supported by Buffon, "that the northerly inhabitants of America, as well as a large part of those in the South, chiefly have the blood of Tartar origin in their veins." By this I will not say that none of the offspring of the Aborigines of this country are remaining, neither that the inhabitants of some parts may not be the offspring of savage tribes, driven before these Tartarian hordes from their Eastern seats on the confines of the North-eastern Asiatic shores, no more as I would contest, that a few islanders, even Norwegians, might have been induced or compelled to settle on the northern parts of the American continent. Manners, language, features, render it rather plausible: but to conclude for these reasons with Grotius, that stupendous wonder of learning, of whom might be asserted what Livius said of Cato "that his intellectual endowments were so extensive that he excelled in whatever he undertook, and seemed to devote himself exclusively to that science," that our country was colonized by Norwegians, and extort arguments from etymology, you might as well derive *Alfana* from *Equus*.*

* Alfana vient d'Equus, sans doute
Mais, il faut avouer aussi
Qu' en venant de là jusqu' ici
Il a bien changé sur la route.

P. Bouhours's Man. de bien penser Dial II p. 173.

Michaelis may convince you that the ten tribes could not have searched here an asylum, and I dare assert that had this hypothesis been placed on a solid foundation, there would yet exist incontrovertible proofs. Perhaps I may glance at this topic at some future day and then you will judge with what success.

I doubt not, my dear Mappa: or, I shall convince you of the plausibility of this cherished hypothesis when I have time to collect my arguments—as the Chancellor Livingston desired, and put these in battle array among my Philos. Res. or the theories of Buffon and Jefferson, and if then I may be so successful as to render it probable, that the Gauls, the Francks, the Celts, originated all from the same immensely prolific bee hive, then nothing is wanting but correct genealogical tables to prove to the first fair squaw—and there are handsome ones indeed, if you make some small allowances—that we are distant cousins.

The greatest part of the Indians whom I have seen, are tall and robust, with strong, well shaped limbs, broad foreheads, the nose somewhat curved, the ears long and broad, deformed by art.

Several of the Oneidas speak the English language very correctly, as I am informed and many too write it. Peter Otyageit, who delegated to Congress, died this year on his journey, had been for some time in France, with the Marquis LaFayette, and was in some respects highly civilized and master of the French language and politeness, although it was doubted if his heart was as improved as his head; at least he has been accused that he did learn to blend the vices of the savages with those of a polished nation. So true

it appears with regard to those unhappy tribes, that if their fathers did eat sour grapes their children's teeth have become dull indeed; and it may be justly questioned if the vicinity of their white neighbours is to them not rather a curse than a blessing. How contrary is this with the genuine spirit of Christianity! but, what chemical operation is powerful enough to extract it from Indian traders and straggling borderers? Captain Jacob Reed speaks and writes with tolerable accuracy, shows a bold and courageous appearance, and dresses as a white man; but now, too, I delineated his chief worth. Beech-tree, their chief, had the greatest influence on them.

The cradles of their babes are of a curious workmanship, often lined with silver plates, ornamented with wings and wrapt in silk. Their principal merchandize are furs, with whose value they are thoroughly acquainted. The principal are those of Beavers, (Fishers,) Hespans or Racoons, Martins, Minks, Musk-rats, Bears and Deer skins.

Judge White was commissioned to distribute among them, the stipulated grain. He is a man between fifty and sixty years of age, of a middle stature, corpulent, and of a comely appearance. He enjoys now that exquisite gratification of being *the creator of his own fortune*, and placing all his children in an independent situation. Judge White resided in Connecticut in the year 1785. He made a journey to the western part of this State; made a purchase of the land he now lives on; moved thither in 1786 with his five sons, built a log house and barn; went the next year for his wife and remaining children, although there was not at that time one single white man in the nine miles around him. In 1788 he constructed a saw and grist mill; possessed in the fourth

year all which he wanted for his convenience, ease and comfort in abundance; built in the fifth year a convenient frame house and substantial barn, and is now encircled by a number of respectable families; amongst these, two of his married sons and Mr. Jonas Platt, son of Judge Zephaniah Platt, married with Miss K. Livingston, a sister of that eminent divine in New York, who yet recollected with a grateful remembrance the time he spent at the Dutch Universities.

I deem the acquaintance of this young man a real acquisition, for which I am again indebted to our friend George Clinton. I have often indeed been surprised with admiration at his knowledge of men, which is a distinguishing trait of his character, and in my opinion one of the chief means of his political success. His Excellency had a high opinion of young Platt and spoke of him in the most flattering terms. This prompted me to observe him and I was not disappointed. The little intercourse I could enjoy with Mrs. Platt, both being then in a state of anxiety about their only infant, which, in my opinion, shall never recover, prompts me to say little about her, except that I was highly pleased with her courteous and kind reception. I am persuaded I could not do her full justice. It is quite otherwise with her husband. I presume to say I know him, how short our intercourse was, and dare assure that if ever thou art favored with a similar opportunity, thou wilt love and respect him. So much ingenuousness and modesty without bashfulness, *vanterie;* such obliging manners without importunely obtruding his civilities; such a comprehensive mind; such an intuitive solid judgment; all this combined shewed him the man, who, sooner or later, must become the pride of the bar, the glory of the bench, and a chief ornament of our State, so that I really consider the pitiful pittance of his present cler-

gy-ship, not as a reward, but a temporary station, in which he is to hoard up more intellectual treasures; to develop these unexpectedly before his fellow-citizens and prepare a most delicious repast by his achievements, for his aged and revered patron.

The society here is already pleasing; so is the situation of this little village; more adapted for the enjoyment of rural retirement, than luring in a commercial point of view. The houses are more built for convenience than for show; the roads are daily improving, of which you may form a partial opinion from the fact that while I was here, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston came in their own carriage, in four days, from Poughkeep to Whitesborough.

That I do not exaggerate to render you enamored with this charming country, one proof shall be sufficient. By the last census the number of souls in Whitestown, was 5,788—a stupendous number indeed within the small circle of five years. In Whitesborough itself there is scarce an acre for sale. Dr. Mosely paid for three acres, for a building spot, £50 per acre.

The soil is a fertile, rich loam: from thirty to forty-five bushels Indian corn per acre is an ordinary crop; often it gives fifty, sixty, and more. In some parts, by long droughts the soil is apt to bake and rent, and requires thus more labour, shall it be cultivated with propriety and success. One of your fee-land farmers would not consider that as a formidable objection, well-knowing that his exertions should be doubly compensated. There are here, nevertheless, some too, who are willing to reap, but not in the sweat of their brow.

The article of fish is scarce; firewood has already become an object of so much importance that it is saved and sold to advantage; and salt cannot be obtained below a dollar the bushel.

I crossed about two miles from Whitesborough the Oriskany Creek, where many of the Oneida Indians resided in former days. The actual proprietors of the soil did long decline the sale; the price was yet too low; at length it hath risen to their pitch. Several farms have already been taken up, and the woods resounded when I passed there, from the strokes of the hardy axe-men: one year more, and the one farm shall be joined to the other, as here on the *Esopus-kill*. I had only advanced a few steps when my attention was fixed on a number of skulls, placed in a row, on a log near the road. I was informed by the workmen that this place was the fatal spot on which the murderous encounter happened between General Herkimer and his sturdy associates, and the Indians, when this brave and gallant soldier did fall with a number of his men. He showed me a large tree, on which was coarsely carved, something resembling a man's head, which should represent this intrepid warrior.

On Monday, about noon, I arrived at Fort Stanwix. The Baron DeZeng, industriously employed in laying out a kitchen garden, had already seen me, and gave me a cordial welcome. He then introduced me to Col. Colbreath, a revolutionary soldier, who finding himself in the patronage of his old general, who resided on a part of the estate, which the governor possessed in this neighbourhood, he had offered the baron a part of his house till that of DeZeng should be cleared of its present inhabitants. We partook of some refreshments—my horse was brought on a luxuriant pasture ground.

See there me, my dear sir, at the famous Fort Stanwix, where Janzevoort baffled the impetuous ardour of the British and Col. Willet eluded their vigilance. See here me in the centre of New York State, the elevated spot from where the waters are flowing to the East and the West, chalked out, as it were by nature, to become the seat of government of this mighty State, while Fort Schuyler must gradually rise to the rank of the emporium of the West. Here is the [retreat] from the bustle of business, while the opulence and wealth is through various channels conducted to this great reservoir, to repay the inhabitants of its neighbourhood with those of the remotest North and West with ease and comfort; there magnificent buildings raised and a seat prepared for arts and sciences.

The Baron DeZeng, a German nobleman, descends from a noble family in Saxony, and arrived in America during the revolutionary war. He was married to a respectable lady in New York, and did now intend to begin a settlement in this vicinity. He had engaged to accompany me on this tour, and I expected, as I really experienced, that he not only should be an agreeable companion, but very useful to me in many respects.

The baron was so kind, to charge himself to purchase a grand canoe, engage two servants, and procure the required provisions for our voyage. As he had before rowed through this wilderness he knew best what was wanting to lessen the hardships of a similar enterprize; and I must do him the justice, that he left nothing untried to procure every article which might render our journey more agreeable. A well made tent with a good carpet stood foremost on the list, and his spouse took care that a sufficient quantity of bread and

biscuit was prepared. While all this was brought in readiness, I had the satisfaction to explore the country; examine the woods with the contemplated slate for the canal, to join the Mohawk with the Wood creek, and convince myself of its practicability. But this is only the dwarf, fixing his eyes upward to the gigantic canal, yet in embryo. The soils differ little from that of Whitestown, except the summit of the highland, on which the fort is erected, generally not less fertile, often too rich for wheat, as the first crop; not free from baking; several feet deep of the same unadulterated mould as the uppermost layer. By digging ten and twelve feet, often deeper, leaves, perfectly preserved, branches of trees, large pieces of timber, are discovered. I did see several samples of all these, when a well was dug for Col. Colbreath. Elm, ash, beech, heavy oak and walnut are in the upper part: on the lower ground, chiefly beech, maple and birch. As no apparent obstruction is visible, the canal may be executed nearly in a straight line.

Scarce a day passed in which not two, sometimes three, bateaux arrived, whose destination was towards the Genesee lands, Onondaga, Cadaraqui, or other parts of the Western District. We met daily with groups of five or six men on horseback, in search for land, with intention, if succeeding, to move on with their families the next winter or following spring; while every day one or other accosted us, to purchase lands of which we did not own one single inch.

During the time I tarried here, a large bateau with furs, arrived from the West; two yoke of oxen carried it over the portage. This was the second cargo within one week. It may be conjectured from this single example what riches the waters of Oneida Lake may carry on to Fort Stanwix, if

every obstruction shall be removed. Now it makes a fortune to individuals; then it shall become as productive to the Nation as a gold mine.

We waited another day in the hope of a few refreshments, which I had procured at Schenectadi; but at length our patience being exhausted, although DeZeng was possessed of a deep fund of it, nearly equal to that of your friend, we walked on Saturday towards Wood creek; saw our baggage stowed; stepped in the canoe and pushed off.

Do you recollect, Mappa, how Remus vexed his brother Romulus, by springing over the ditches with which he had encircled the future mistress of the world? Here certainly might he have indulged his whim with less peril. No Oneida Indian; no valiant American would have considered his country insulted by this process. The Wood creek, indeed, resembles at the landing place, rather an insignificant ditch than well a navigable stream. Ere long it is, nevertheless, enlarged, and resembles very much the numberless inland waters by which our *ci-devant* Fatherland was intersected. We arrived at the distance of three miles at Fort Bull, or rather, at the place on which, during the war, a fort of that name was erected. The same fact I found after verified, viz: places designated by names originating from fortifications, constructed during the late French or the Revolutionary war.

As we indulged ourselves from time to time, in angling, we hooked a few trout and several large chubs, without reflecting that the sun was setting; our lusty boys waded continually to drag our deeply loaded canoe over rifts and shoals. At once the air was darkened, which was rendered of a deeper hue by the streams of lightning with which it was on

a sudden as embroidered; severe peals of thunder re-echoed through the woods, and the increasing darkness became now visible. The boys were discouraged: DeZeng sprang at once out the canoe and inspired them with fresh courage, and your friend? I trusted in their experience, and hoped their trial would be a short one; and then they might rest from their labours, while the Baron ought to pay some price of not possessing his soul in equal patience.

Now we proceeded quickly and discovered after a few minutes a light in a small cottage. It was that of the widow Armstrong, on the corner of the Wood and Canada creek, seven miles from Fort Stanwix, the part of land where Roseveld's purchase begins, with which you and some of my best friends desire to become acquainted, and which, if I am not mistaken and disappointed in my wishes, may be once a goodly heritage, under God's Almighty blessing, for us and our children.

As we are now engaged in drying our clothes by a good fire, and Mrs. Armstrong is preparing our supper and couches, I must allow you a little rest before I offer you my rough sketch of the skirts of that noble tract, once the heritage of the Oneidas, now the object of ardent longings of Americans and foreigners, who, by every licit and illicit means, by extravagant praises and unfounded slanders, endeavour to secure this possession to themselves; while some squatters have fixed themselves here and there on its borders; a tract which, in population and wealth, must vie in time with any part of the Western District.

I am, yours, sincerely.

KINGSTON, 1st August, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR—You followed our steps, sir, through the meandering Wood creek, to the spot where the Canada creek empties in it, the residence of Mrs. Armstrong, thus far the hospitable patroness of that insulated spot. I really hope, my dear sir, that you may have been able to keep your attention awake, otherwise it must become a more than herculean labour to drive the sleep from your eyes by a dry topographical description. I really am apprehensive that the wish of getting rich by the purchase of a few hundred thousand acres of this land cannot make a sufficiently deep impression on your disinterestedness, even if your purse was in unison with such a wish. I hope at all events it shall not exceed a slumbering, not heavier than mine on horseback, awakening the instant when I was leaning half-way from the saddle: and in that case I am not without hope, or the fall of a heavy oak, the report of our guns, our cries of joy on a caught prey of fish or deer, the lamentations and curses of our crew, and every real or imaginary danger, shall break off the spell of the enchantment of some fair or malignant sorceress, and permit you to contemplate the residence of the beautiful Oneida Lake with admiration.

It is a general observation with regard to this world, and I am yet wavering to decide if the name of New or Old is the most appropriate, that the most barren tracts are everywhere near the sea coast; that the most populous part of the fifteen States, which have been settled in the beginning, cannot be compared with the extensive fertile fields of the West and that their natural productiveness and riches are increasing in proportion that you penetrate deeper in the interior. Every traveller confirms this truth; and every new settlement

affords so many incontestible proofs from the unusual produce of the fields as well as by the sudden increase of the lands, to confirm these reports.

No man dared yet to contest this truth, except a few German inhabitants, on the rich borders of the Mohawk before the Revolutionary war, believing, in which they were confirmed by the cunning artifices of their great landholders and crafty politicians, that their Paradise was surrounded by unsurmountable barriers, being no habitable spot above Canajohari, impenetrable except by a savage's foot, except by British Canadians, who dreaded the neighbourship of Americans, except land-jobbers aiming at a cheap purchase by artfully underrating the land.

The tract with which I would make you better acquainted, was purchased two years past, from the Six Nations, and begins at the Wood creek, where that of the Canada creek joins it. It has to the north-east Funda's purchase; to the south and south-west the Oneida reservation, the military lands, now beginning to be settled; to the north-west Lake Ontario; to the north the Great Salmon creek, from which it touches again Funda's purchase, in a north-eastern course. See here, then, the rough circumference of 700,000 acres. Consider, my dear sir, if I might err somewhat in a due course, and take the east for the west, that I am yet in the infancy of my geological expedition, and am ready to say *Peccavi, Pater;* not, however, in that bewitching tone I heard you sing "Mon père je devient vant vous." To prevent gross mistakes, and secure you of forming an erroneous opinion of my sentiments, I send you with this a pretty correct map, which, with the assistance of that of Gov. Pownall, may learn you in how far I was successful.

A simple statement of courses is sufficient to lay open the water communication with all the circumjacent lands; by the Wood creek to the Mohawk eastward, and so on to the North river, through the Seneca river, south-west of the Oneida Lake to the Genesee lands, whose settlements are daily increasing; through the Onondaga and Oswego rivers, in Lake Ontario, through the St. Lawrence and the North river in the Ocean. Consider now further, sir, that the distance of Fort Brewerton at the west end of Oneida Lake, near the mouth of the Onondaga river, is, in a straight line, only eight miles from the Little Salmon creek and twelve from the great two principal landing places on Lake Ontario, and the distance from the centre of the lake near Bruce's creek is, in a straight course, no more than twelve miles to the same spot.

The land is there not much broken, with few stones or rocks, so that few hands, as soon as the trees are chopped, might make a tolerable good road from the one lake to the other. This land-carriage is of a vast additional value; but no man can have seen the shape of the land and examined the Salmon creek from Lake Ontario, and Bruce's creek from Oneida Lake, in their courses, and doubt yet the high probability of a water communication, of a short distance, between these two lakes. Join to all this—and this, my dear sir, is an encouraging observation—that the circumjacent tracts, as the Genesee lands to the south, Funda's, Steuben Oothout's patent, are already partially settled, and continue to increase in inhabitants, while the lots in the military lands are increasing daily in value.

Is this not already a great deal, my friend? I know you consider it from this point of view, and are already anticipat-

ing the time, that stores and magazines, villages and country seats are adorning the borders of Oneida Lake; and yet, how great this is, it is not all. Throw, I beg you, for a moment, a cursory glance on the situation of this tract. I ought to have said: *come and see,* and believe. Towards the south you have Oneida Lake; that of Ontario to the north; both joined by the Onondaga and Oswego rivers, and in these disembogue, besides a number of smaller creeks: the Wood creek, the Oneida creek, the Canada creek, the Fish creek, the Little Fish creek, the Black creek, Bruce's creek, the large and smaller Salmon river, and what is called the Fresh Lobster creek, from the numbers we caught here of this delicious crustaceous fish, even superior to the sea lobster, and as exquisite a dainty as those in Guelderland and the Duchy of Cleves, which afford there such a sumptuous and palatable dish to the modern descendant of Apicius.

Both Salmon rivers emptying in Lake Ontario, to the north of this tract of land, and the Fish creek in Oneida Lake, are in the spring and fall, full of salmon. You may form of this assertion, a pretty accurate opinion, after I have informed you that one Oneida Indian took with his spear, forty-five salmon in one hour; another, in the presence of Capt. Simonds, sixty-five during one night; and another eighty. They are equal to the best which are caught in the rivers of the Rhine and the Meuse, and might, if the time of fishing was limited by the Legislature, and what is more, its laws punctually obeyed and executed with rigor, become as beneficial to our country at large, as the salmon fishery of the Meuse, in Holland, from which the East and West Indies are supplied with this luxurious fish. Were the method of catching the salmon in fuyks and smoking these introduced, as I advised several, with the offer of initiating them in

this mystery, Oneida Lake, with its tributary streams, might supply an abundant provision for all the States, the West Indian market, that of South America included.

Persuaded of this truth, I wrote to our Dutch friends and obtained through my old Hon. friend, D. Herbach, from a mercantile house at Schoenheren, the staple place as you know of this commodity, an accurate description of the mode of catching, curing, smoking, through the whole process, and offered its communication to Mr. Stevens, at Fort Brewerton, and others, but it was not accepted—too much trouble! too distant! too uncertain the prospect of gain! no control over the Indian brethren! no encouragement by the Legislature! I do, nevertheless, not yet despair or a happier period shall arrive.

The eel of the Oneida Lake is equal to the best of the Holland market, and far surpasses every kind which I have ever tasted here, in size, in fatness, in tenderness of the fish. The Salmon river possesses beside this plentifulness of the finny tribe, another important advantage—our full laden bateaux may have access and recess to both. What a potent lure, merchant! to Canadians, who now must purchase many articles at three and four times the capital higher from Quebec, than they may obtain these from the State of New York. They who pay at Cataraqui $3, and $3½ at Niagara for one bushel salt, are often supplied with it at the Salmon creek, for five shillings, although even at Whitestown, Fort Stanwix and its vicinity, often is paid from eight to ten shillings. Here, too, in time, the price shall be lower: cut only canals, increase the salt work, and manufacture it to a higher degree of perfection.

A bountiful God has, in this respect, too, provided for the wants of the western country with profusion. Everywhere are salt springs, and but few miles from Oneida Lake in Onondago is a copious salt lake, encircled with salt springs, the domain of the people of the State of New York. A considerable quantity is already transported to Canada, and thousand American families make never use of any other. How the copiousness must be increased when rock salt too is manufactured and carried to the South and West of our immense continent. How exuberant must it become, when that limestone crust through whose crevices it is now ascending shall be broken, and that vast body of solid salt discovered from which now a thousand springs through ages have been saturated. You perceive that I believe in the real existence of this subterraneous treasure, which, I presume, may be discovered without Jacques Aymar's *Baguette Divinatoire,* and I have no less name than that of Leibnitz to procure credit to my supposition. He said, in his *Protogea,* "Sub terra esse conditoria salis,satis fontes aquarum salsarum doceat," which, as you have often heard, when in Holland, faithfully translated in our English language, is, "that there are repositories of salt under the earth, is evident from the salt water springs;" but Rome, says the proverb, was not built in one day. What a time elapsed before the Chestershire salt springs were of any advantage! What a time elapsed before the basket salt was brought to market, and how late was it that the rock salt was there discovered, from which now considerable quantities dug in large masses are now transferred to the west coast of England—melted in sea water, and again reduced in salt and used in the curing of herrings; and how much must the value of this treasure be enhanced when the discovered coal mines are placed in the west at its side.

This country, so abundant in water and fish, is, if possible, yet more profusely endowed by our bountiful Maker with wood. Every kind of timber of the northern and eastern States, is here in the greatest plenty and perfection: butter nut, walnut, white oak, sugar maple, chestnut, beech, black ash, pine, hemlock, the lime tree, white wood or canoes wood, and several other species. When I asserted that the most part of these were to be found in the highest perfection, I always limit it to our States, as our timber is unquestionably inferior to that which is carried to the Dutch markets from the interior parts of Germany and the Baltic. Oak, pine and chestnut are chiefly found at short distances from the lakes—the remainder in a more fertile soil at some greater distance, the hemlock, fir and pine on more barren spots.

The canals cannot be opened or the value of the timber must be raised. You know the scarcity of white oak and pine on several points of the North river and Mohawk, so that they are scarce sufficient to supply the first wants of the inhabitants, who are often compelled to employ timber of an inferior kind. I might enlarge on the blessings of the hard maple, without which the new settlers would be bereft of the comforts of life—sugar, molasses, vinegar—were you not thoroughly acquainted with the inestimable value of this precious tree.

It is true, my dear sir, a good soil, good water, and plenty of wood for fuel and timber are strong inducements to settle in a new country—more so, when the price of all this is enhanced by the prospect of a good market in the neighbourhood; but if thou art there nearly alone without neighbours, if from the vicinity you obtain nothing even for ready cash, if, as is the situation of the largest number who transport

their families in the woods—their all consists in an axe, a plow, a wheel, a frying-pen, kettle, bed and pillow, with a scanty provision of flour, potatoes and salt pork—then what? then, my dear sir, something else besides is required not to suffer during the first season. It is true a little wheat is often saved in the fall, a small spot cleared to plant in the spring corn and potatoes, while they live in the hope, if their health is spared, to prepare the soil for sowing flax-seed; but something more yet is required to the maintenance of a numerous hungry family, and in this respect, too, Providence has in this district graciously provided even to satiety. Never did I see yet a country where all kind of fish was so abundant and good. It may be equaled, it cannot be excelled I tasted, within a short time, of more than a dozen different species, the one contending with the other for the pre-eminence, the least of these affording a palatable food, salmon, pike, pickerel, catfish, if well prepared, boiled or stewed, resembling the taste of the delicious turbot, *Oswego bass*, an epicurean morsel, *yellow perch*, *sun fish*, *trout*, (chub,) three species of trout, river lobsters, turtle, sword fish and a *green coloured fish* of an exquisite taste, white fish, &c.

The salmon is generally salted and sold at £4 the barrel; cat fish at £4 and £4 10; the eel is smoked, and with the two preceding sorts, preserved for the winter provision; others are consumed fresh. Hundreds of gull eggs may be gathered on the islands. Ducks and geese visit annually the lakes and creeks in large flocks; the swan is but seldom seen in this vicinity—while bears and deer are roving in the neighbourhood of every cottage. It is enough to set out a few lines at evening; to make now and then an excursion to the woods without sacrificing much of his time, that a settler may supply his family with meat and fish during five or six months.

This is the country in which I could wish that our families were transplanted, with a few industrious families around us, whom we could assist and be mutually aided by them. Here we might soon forget the bustle of the great world, might secure our happiness if we can curb our affections, and leave a handsome inheritance to our children. But He who directs all human affairs for the best shall direct our steps.

Do not suspect that I placed too much trust in general favourable reports. Follow me and we will take ocular inspection of the land.

On Sunday morning we bid adieu to the good widow, who left nothing undone which was in her power to render her homely cottage comfortable to us. About three miles from her house, a small, swift-running stream emptied its waters in the Wood creek from the south. From thence we proceeded to a place called *Oak Orchard*, situated at the same side. We arrived ere long at a singular neck of land about a mile in length, and so small, that by standing, we discovered the water at the opposite side. This was a tedious circumnavigation indeed. We might have passed it in a few seconds if a passage had been cut through it.

Not far from this spot we discovered a clearing, extended towards the Fish creek, or Oneida river—known by the name of Capt. Philips' and Dean's improvements. We left our canoe now and then to look at the land; it was low and flat near the borders of the creek, and had the appearance of being annually overflowed. The muddy sediments placed it beyond doubt; the luxuriant foliage of the stately trees did leave no room to suspect that the land might not be transformed in verdant meadows and grass lands; at some distance

the land became gradually more elevated, and was adorned with oak, beech, maple.

The approaching night compelled us to look out for a convenient spot for our encampment, in which we soon succeeded. Our tent was pitched, and a blazing fire prepared by the boys. We spread our carpet, and made our beds ready, waiting for our supper. Here thousands of muskitoes welcomed us in their abode, obtruded their company, and exhausted our patience by their treacherous caresses, in which they continued till we had encircled our tent with smoke, and yet we heard their singing, but quite different form Pergolase's *Stabat Mater*.

We covered our faces with a veil before we went to sleep. This was the first time in my life I slept in the woods, and yet my sleep was sound, but short and not very refreshing, as I awoke fatigued, and was not at ease, till I drove the sleep from the eyes of all my companions, and had hurried them to the canoe to pursue our journey.

We did so, and had scarce proceeded a mile, when the Wood creek, increasing imperceptibly in breadth, lost the appearance of a ditch, and appeared a handsome river, but how charming was the sight! how delightfully was I surprised, when I did see it, unexpectedly, enlarged to more than double its breadth, and our frail vessel, if a hollow tree may be decorated with this pompous name, in its middle. This sensation, however, was only momentaneous. It was succeeded by another of a different stamp, which I could not suppress, although I endeavored to conquer it. You know, that in days of yore, presumption was rather my fault than fear, and here I could not have dreamed that it lurked in my breast—and yet I longed to be somewhat nearer the banks

with our canoe; but the sight of danger is as fleeting, when we dare to look sternly at it, and are willing to brave it, as that of a careless security is blending our sight, when we heedless rush on in an untrodden road. I soon perceived that we were now as safe as in the Wood creek, and it was a delight to observe how this river doubled its speed to pay its tribute to the lake. Now we hurried on, and encouraged our raw and unexpert hands to row on with alacrity, as we longed impatiently to see this vast expansion of water. Our wishes were ere long gratified. We stopped our course about nine o'clock, unloaded our canoe, pitched our tent, and brought firewood together, that we might have full leisure to contemplate this beautiful lake.

DeZeng left me with the canoe and one hand to take a short excursion on the Oneida creek, to the south side of the lake, to fetch some implements, left there the year before by one Peter Frey.

This Peter Frey, born in Germany, lives since twenty years among the Oneida Indians, and gained their confidence in such a degree that they use him in any affairs of consequence, and consider him as the most honest white man with whom they have been acquainted. True it is, that he takes care of their interests with a fidelity and ardour, bordering on enthusiasm, which is but seldom met with. He is peculiarly entrusted with the management of the affairs of a Colonel Lewis, who served in the Revolutionary army, and was rewarded by the State with a bounty in land.

The Oneida and Onondago Indians cultivate many hundreds choice apple trees from which they liberally distribute the fruits among their white neighbours, and provide them

with grafts and young trees, if they are inclined to settle in their vicinity.

While Major DeZeng continued his course in exploring the Canada creek, I took a walk along the eastern sandy shore of this charming lake, and examined its northern salient angles, of which the first was four, the next about nine miles distant, in this circuit from the mouth of Wood creek. The woods on the south shore are over-shadowed by a chain of mountains, from east to west, curiously diversified by three elevations, which by their undulations in a serpentine line altered the horizon in a most delightful manner. The small islands in the lake could be distinguished, and zephyr ruffled the silver waves. Within a few moments I saw three canoes, one with Indians, among whom Capt. Jacob Reed, and one bateau from the south and west, while two bateaux with four families, from the Fish creek, landed a little below our encampment.

The soil is a barren sand; the trees near the shore dwarfish and of little value. At first, when I entered the woods, I met with a swampy ground, but further proceeding, a good loam, increasing in depth and richness as I went on. Oak, fir, pine, water-ash, then oak, beech and maple, are the principal timber.

The baron returned about twelve, with two most capital eels, presented him by an Oneida—Good Peter, who had been hired by him the last year to follow him on a similar expedition as that in which we now were engaged.

Having loitered here away the afternoon in examining shells and stones, and plants and shrubs, we pursued our course the next morning; then rowing, then using the setting

poles along the shore, till we reached the point from which its northerly side may be calculated. From here the shore was generally covered with pebbles. A small creek, called by the Indians who were with us Little Fish creek, falls here in the lake. At the coast side, near the lake, the pine, oak and hemlock elevate their heads, and overshadow an extensive tract of tolerable good land, although it does not assume this appearance, as at some distance from the lake, where they are intermixed, often outnumbered, by bash wood, ash, white wood, chestnut and sugar maple. To the west side of this creek is a large tract of oaks, a grey sandy soil; a little further it is covered with a thin loam, there the oaks become mingled with beech, ere long with butternut and maple, then ash, walnut, maple and beech, in a rich loam from six to eighteen inches deep, increasing by every step which you advance to the interior.

We had now lost a great part of two days in fishing, without an adequate reward to our exertions, and might have suspected that the exuberant abundance of this lake in fish, of which we had heard so much boasting from white men as well as Indians, had been exaggerated, but we soon discovcovered the cause of our failure, while the Indians and roving Americans confirmed us in our opinion. The lake was now covered as with a white cloak of hundred thousands millions of insects which we call *Haft* in Holland, and which lay in some parts of the shore one and two inches deep. This insect appears here annually at a stated period, although somewhat earlier than in Holland. The eggs are hatched in the surface of the water, the winged insect flutters a short time in the air, and is buried after a short life in its watery grave, to supply the finny tribe a rich repast, from which man reaps in his turn the advantages. My imagination

warmed and exalted by the present scenes, brought me in a twinkling of the eye on the Meuse, and I ordered the rowers to steer to the *Stone Chamber*, (Steene-kamer) to regale myself with that delicious and so handsomely shaped fish, the roach, which preys upon this insect, and is never called for by the lovers of a good fare, except in these few days. A decent public house at the mouth of the Wood creek, might here replace the Steene-kamer, and the landlord might regale his guests in a more luxurious manner. The water plants, with their broad, oval leaves, and their yellow and white flowers, continued the illusion. It wanted only to complete its success, a few bottles of Old Mozel wine.

It was infallible, my dear friend, as I spent in my youth so many delicious hours on the Meuse, when I often staid several weeks in its vicinity, or this remembrance contributed to exhilarate my soul, enraptured with the charms of the spot, with the contemplation of the wonders which a bountiful God spread over the face of the earth, and might to be traced in every step.

We were, a little after sunset, surprised at a number of fires in a semi-circular form on the lake. I numbered nine, others several more. These were made by the Oneida Indians spearing eel. They are usually two or three in a canoe, one steerman, one who spears in the bow, the third takes care of the fire, made from dry, easily flaming wood, in a hollow piece of bark, first covered with sand. This brings me again to the Meuse, to see the *fuyks* setting for the salmon fishery, or emptying these from their captures, when some are saved, others, as you know, intended for fat salmon, receive their immediate doom, being knocked on the fore part of the head, which they term *kuyzen*. How the fisher-

man laughs at the fruitless endeavour of the inexpert youth to kill the salmon; he performs it always with one, and well a soft stroke.

We proceeded on our course, and arrived, at no great distance, to another, but much smaller creek, emptying its waters in a pretty bay; here was the land to some extent towards the lake low, and could only be appropriated for pasture or hay land; but it gradually ascended about 20 feet, where it was covered with a deep, black, rich, fertile soil, mixed with a small portion of black sand, and covered with majestic oak, beech, butternut, walnut, ash and maple. Here the prospect was admirable indeed. Imagine, my dear sir, and yours is lovely enough, imagine that falling plain near the lake, cleared from trees and stumps, and covered with verdure, embellished with a dozen of cows, justly as you contemplated in the days of yore, in the rich pastures of the South Rhine and Delfsland, the lake in front, a wood to the south, at the other side behind it, the Canoserago mountain, the small rambling creek to the east, and to the west the islands in the lake in perspective, while behind you the noblest fields invite you to admire the rich produce of the soil, equal to the best tilled in our country.

Major DeZeng walked slowly with his gun on shore,

> With head upraised and look intent,
> And eye and ear attentive bent,

while we rowed on; he gave us a signal; we pushed to the shore; he told us that he saw a bear on the next point; in an instant we left the canoe and dispatched our boys, well armed, in the woods, to cut off his retreat; DeZeng and I advanced in his front from the lake side; when within a pistol shot of this surly lord of the woods, he stood still, trotted on

a few steps and received a shot from the woods which broke his left hind leg, another glanced his brawny side. DeZeng missed his aim, and while I stepped forward with the cocked gun, DeZeng, throwing his gun aside, sprung impetuously forward with the tomahawk in his hand, attacked him in front and knocked him on the head twice; bruin lifted up his paw, twice he opened his mouth, at last stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires; we dragged him with difficulty towards the canoe, as he was indeed of a monstrous size, lifted him in it, and returned by land to the little creek, while our men rowed towards the same spot. Here we resolved to make our encampment for that night; in the morning it proved to be the most delightful spot which we had yet seen.

Methinks, my dear sir, you must now be pretty tired with reading; take, then, what repose. The bow cannot be always bent; we are making our preparations for the same end, while our boys are opening the bear early in the morning. They shall take off his hide to preserve it our trophy, fasten his limbs to the trees for the first passenger, man or other beast of prey, and prepare for our breakfast a few slices roasted, with a small piece for soup at dinner.

Adio. Yours.

Kingston, 1st August, 1792.

My Dear Sir—If you never tasted it, you might have declined to share in our breakfast. Stewed slices of surly bruin, was the principal dish. It was not to his advantage, that, though bulky enough, he was not fat; otherwise you must know, that in the country not only everywhere, but

even to the fastidious palate of many polished New Yorkers, it is a dainty, and this meat deserved indeed this high praise, if you obtain it in its season in perfection. With all this, I should not be surprised at all that you had rather preferred a pike of three feet and six inches, which we discovered on shore—his belly torn open, without entrails—if we had caught it. I doubt not or he fell a prey to a bald eagle, who by some accident was prevented to destroy him.

We entered once more our canoe; discovered two bateaux steering towards the south, and arrived about noon at the Black creek, the largest at this side of the lake, after the Fish creek or Oneida river; here we dined on an excellent rice soup, from one of Brown's gammons, which we had saved. Here was a broad piece of fore-land, watered by this creek, and about a hundred rods further on another creek, sufficient to turn a wheel, joined it The upland was excessive steep, high and barren; the soil, fine yellow sand; the trees, fir, hemlock, pine, and a few oak. At some distance the land gradually descended, the soil became richer and the timber was improving; oak, ash, yet further butternut, beech, maple, and again the same rich black soil, not subject of being so soon exhausted or baked in intensive hot weather, as the Whitestown loam.

We continued our course after dinner along the shore, and hoped that we might reach the Fisher's bay, in which the little creek empties herself, whose vicinity was highly extolled by DeZeng, with an unbounded praise, and yet his description did not appear to me, after a cool examination, to be too highly coloured.

It was late before we reflected upon it, and a rising thunder storm urged us to take quickly hold of all our oars. I ought

to have said *pagays*, as we were in a canoe. We did run, by our hurrying too fast, and through the inattention of our man at the helm, with our canoe on a huge stone, without having it in our power for a long while to move it backward or forward; at length we got again afloat, and arrived safe in the creek at Mr. Bruce's, in former days a Connecticut merchant, now an independent inhabitant of the Oneida Lake, maintaining himself by the chase and fishery, and what he earned from a small potatoe spot. He fetched directly upon our arrival, a fine catfish, from a *reservoir*, constructed from saplings and twigs, so well twisted that no escape was possible. He praised himself not a little on his invention, as this magazine supplied his wants by foul weather, or, as he said, "when Bruce was too lazy to go in quest for other food;" and who would have been willing to poison this complacency, or withhold the tribute to his ingenuity, which was really exerted in no ordinary way in this and other similar circumstances, when his powers of action were circumscribed within such a narrow sphere! Was not Cæsar himself delighted with the success of his invention, as when he constructed that wonderful bridge over the Rhine, which he crossed with his army, to penetrate into Germany, and of which he seemed pleased, to leave us such a minute description; and Brúce, poor as he now was, had a pretty high opinion of himself, seemed not to wish to repass the Mohawk, and, if not *sua se virtute involvens*, considering himself as the best man, appeared at least to enjoy ease and contentment—he was a Bruce!

This catfish weighed ten pounds; we obtained afterwards one of twenty-four pounds. Some have been taken of forty and forty-five weight; but those of the largest size are chiefly brought from Lake Ontario. When Bruce had prepared him,

he showed us a handful fat, as yellow as gold. It was indeed a delicious repast for our supper. Roasted, as this was, and no cook could have done it better, or boiled or stewed, as we did eat after a while, you would not have been able to distinguish it from a fine turbot, if its shape had been imitated. A barrel containing about fifty catfish, the head and back bone being thrown away, is sold here at £4-10. We observed here two sorts of trout, *(Forellen,)* both known by the name of salmon trout, although incorrectly. We could not obtain a specimen of the white species; these were the yellow and the red coloured, properly named salmon trout. The first is generally of a smaller size, its colour a dark brown, with a yellow tinge; the other is larger, the brown more lively, with reddish spots, fringed with a colour of gold, and are sometimes between two and three feet long. The chub *(Triob)* is the usual bait, sometimes frogs.

In the morning we made an excursion in the country, took a straight northerly course, and returned through the west and south at the other side to our encampment. The foreland near the lake, at the east side of the creek, appeared but indifferent to the eye, now somewhat used to contemplate first-rate soil, and the timber stood in the same relation. At the distance of about one-fourth of a mile from the lake, the ground rises gradually and continues to do so, if you proceed another quarter of a mile. Then the soil increases in fertility from step to step, and in the same proportion in depth We had at first only a layer of four, then of six inches, which augmented from two to seven palms of my hand; when we had proceeded about two miles, sometimes it is a black woodland, in other places it was mixed with a fine black sand, sometimes a rich blue, sometimes a fine yellow clay.

It seems to me that you are somewhat surprised at my accuracy. Do you not then recollect that I never could be satisfied in having done a thing by half? I may be mistaken; I may make a wrong decision through ignorance or inadvertence; but it was my sincere aim to obtain a correct view of this country, for your, for my own sake.

I removed with my large pocket-knife first the muck, till I reached the first layer, and protruded then a sound stick in that spot as far as it could penetrate, when I often, at five and seven palms depth, discovered the same sort of soil at the end of the stick as that on the surface. Beech, maple, walnut, was the principal timber, with here and there an ash and lime tree, oak and pine, near the shore.

We crossed the creek a little above a beaver dam, and found the same excellent soil at the west side; with the same gradation, and in the same proportion as that which we had explored on the east, till we arrived again at the plain, covered with fir and pine.

This is a barren plain, DeZeng, so it seems, but it has good water, it has good building spots, and by manuring and good husbandry, will make good gardens. It is barren, indeed, DeZeng, although it may be meliorated, but you do not reflect on the advantages of that creek; art thou not convinced by what thou hast seen, that with small exertions to improve it, full laden bateaux may go in and out, may do it actually now? Did your eye not discover the mill seats on this creek? Ought not the valuable lands back to these not to come in competition? Can you not see bateaux ascending Bruce's creek, and descending the Salmon creek? Can you not see the furs and other valuable produce of Canada brought hither through the canal? Ah! do you not see already various

stores and magazines crowded with merchandize—then you nothing of second sight: return to this spot within 30, 40 years, and you shall exclaim, DeZeng was pretty near the truth, but underrated yet the value of the spot, and so it would have been indeed now, had a colony been planted here under Stuyvesant's administration, and the noble patronage of the Dutch government, of a few families of Boors from Guelderland, and of fishermen from the borders of the Meuze.

A swamp begins about two miles and a half from this creek, which extends itself considerably in the country and joins an excellent piece of land, which is separated by another marsh from the lake towards the west. You may calculate the value of this land by that one of the Oneida Indians. Colonel Lewis left nothing untried to have it secured to him as his individual property; and that the Indians, when afterwards a French adventurer, one Chevalier Bennett, had obtained the possession, did give him in lieu of it 60,000 acres near Cataraqui. Even these swamps must acquire in time no inconsiderable value, from the timber which they contain. Their draining, nevertheless, though it may be executed, must be an expensive undertaking, by want of a descent for the water, as they are lying nearly on a level.

We left Bruce's creek on Friday evening about six; the sky was serene and delightful; a soft breeze curled the waves and fringed them with white, while the sun sinking towards the west beautified the whole scenery. I did not witness such a grand or majestic sight since I crossed the Atlantic. It must be seen before it can be fully appraised, and then it must be a brute whose bosom does not glow with an ardent love towards his Creator, and adores His goodness and wisdom

so majestically displayed in every part of the Universe. In proportion that we penetrated deeper in the lake, the beauty of this diversified prospect was more and more enhanced, the islands, the shores, the woods, the mountains obtruding themselves to our sight, seemed to vie with other for the preference. At length the slight breeze increased: ere long a brisk wind arose from the west; the increased undulated motion with the white capped waves appalled our raw hands, whose trembling limbs and pale visages too clearly betrayed their fear of a threatening shipwreck. We endeavoured to assuage it, as the wind was steady. If we had any apprehension, it arose from their inexpertedness, from their unsubdued terror, from the knowledge that two or three waves would have been sufficient to sink our deep-loaded canoe. We conquered, nevertheless, and they rowed on with redoubled alacrity. We encouraged and applauded their efforts, and laughed away their fears.

I never witnessed a more charming sight; it was indeed exquisitely beautiful; the sun in its full splendour at the western horizon, gilding the enlightened clouds, an extensive sheet of water in an undulating motion, two islands towards the south in front, which we were now approaching, a small opening between these, through which we had a view of the southern coast, one single, covered with grass, and with one tree-adorned rock, behind which in perspective appeared the country of the Oneidas with the Canoserago hills.

We landed half after seven at the largest and most westerly island, towed the canoe on shore, and walked by an Indian path in the woods.

This island might in ancient days have been the happy seat of a goddess, in the middle age that of a magician, or a

fairy's residence in the times of chivalry. Proceeding on one after another through the stately trees, through which we perceived yet the last glances of the setting sun, we were at once, after a few rods, surprised with an enchanting view, of which it is not in my power to give you an adequate description. All that the poets did sing of the gardens of Alcinous, all the scenery of those of Armeida, so highly decorated by Virgil and Ariosto, could scarce have made upon me, who was captivated unawares and bewildered, a more deep impression than this spectacle of nature. We did see here a luxuriant soil in its virgin bloom; we did see industry crowned with blessing, we did see here what great things a frail man can perform if he is willing. It seemed a paradise which happiness had chosen for her residence. Our path, gradually increasing in breadth, did lead us to the circumference of a cleared circle, surrounded with lime trees; at both sides of the path was planted Indian corn, already grown from four to five feet, while a few plants towards the middle of this patch were six feet long, and this in the middle of June. A small cottage of a few feet square stood nearly in the centre of this spot. It had a bark covering, and to the left of it a similar one, three-fourths uncovered and appropriated for a kitchen. Here was the residence of Mr. and Madame de Wattines, with their three children.

They lived there without servants, without neighbours, without a cow; they lived, as it were, separated from the world. De Wattines sallied forward and gave us a cordial welcome in his desmenes. The well-educated man was easily recognized through his sloven dress. Ragged as he appeared, without a coat or hat, his manners were those of a gentleman; his address that of one who had seen the higher circles of civilized life. A female, from whose remaining beauties might

be conjectured how many had been tarnished by adversity, was sitting in the entrance of this cot. She was dressed in white, in a short gown and petticoat, garnished with the same stuff; her chestnut brown hair flung back in ringlets over her shoulders, her eyes fixed on her darling Camille, a native of this isle, at her breast; while two children, standing at each side of her, play'd in her lap. Her appearance was amiable indeed; a wild imagination might have lost herself, and considered the wearied, toiling Des Wattines as the magician who kept this beautiful woman in slavery, but ere soon the charm dwindled away. Esteem for the man filled our bosom, and when you considered how indefatigably he must have exerted himself; what sacrifices he must have made, what hardships endured, to render her situation comfortable, and rear roses for her on this island, so deep in the western wilderness then, notwithstanding all the foibles which a fastidious cool observer might discover at his fireside, in a character and conduct as that of Des Wattines, he becomes an object of admiration. I, at least, gazed at him in wonder. Des Wattines introduced us to his spouse. She received us with that easy politeness which well-educated people seldom lose entirely, and urged, with so much grace, to sit down that we could not refuse it without incivility. This couple was now in the second year on this island, and all the improvements which we had seen were the work of Des Wattines' hands exclusively.

Our refreshment was a dish of tea, or rather their usual beverage from *Venus hair*, which she has collected and dried, palatable enough indeed, when sweetened with sugar. It was growing dark before we could be persuaded to leave our new companions, who insisted on our staying with them that night, which we declined reluctantly, but engaged ourselves

to return in the morning, and to partake of their breakfast.

Both had gained a claim to this sudden affectionate attachment. He, initiated in the manners of the fashionable world of the Old Continent, with a tincture of Belles Lettres, with that sprightliness and versatility of mind, characterising:

Ce Peuple aimable, ami des arts
Tantot grave, tantot futile
Par cent tourbillous emporté,
Agitant d'une main legeré
Les hockets de la nouveauté;
Frivole et gay par charactère
Et raisonneur par vanitè.

She so artless, so graceful, so fair; who might have extorted compliance where a world of men could not prevail; could it be else, or Europeans not insensible to the pleasures of society, and separated from those dear to their hearts, must have been gratified with the vicinity and courtesy of this couple.

Few trunks, few chairs, an oval table, two neat beds, was the principal furniture; a double barreled gun, a pretty collection of books, chiefly modern literature, in the French language, the chief ornaments of the cottage.

At our return to our encampment, our tent was pitched, the fire blazing, our boys snoring, and we too fell soon asleep. I awoke with daylight, and made the circuit of this fortunate island. When returned to the place of our landing, I crossed the corn plantation and went on, to contemplate more carefully what might have escaped my sight the preceding evening.

Des Wattines had laid out behind the cottage a pretty garden, divided by a walk in the middle. The two foremost beds, and *rabats*, against the house, were covered with a variety of flowers; sweet williams, lady slippers, with a few decaying hyacinths. At the right hand were bush beans, large kidney beans, at poles, cabbage, turnips, peas, salade, with that strong scented herbage, which we call *keorel*, (cheovel,) and which you purchase so dear at your arrival in New York, although its culinary use in cakes and soup was then yet unknown there; at the left, water-melons, cantelopes, cucumbers, persil, string peas, with a few of the winter provisions, all in great forwardness, with few or no weeds among them; behind the garden a small nursery of apple trees, which was closed with a patch of luxuriant potatoes, and these again were joined both sides by wheat, describing a semi-circle around it.

All this was the workmanship of Des Wattines's industry; without any assistance, not even of a plow or harrow, having no other tools but an axe and an hoe. It was true it was all in miniature, but it required, nevertheless, an indefatigable industry to be able to accomplish all this to such a degree of perfection. When I approached the cottage Des Wattines was yet employed in dragging pretty heavy wood for fuel towards it, which he chopt and split in a short time; and in less yet the fire was blazing, when he came with a catfish of sixteen pounds, for our breakfast. While he was busily engaged in its preparations, Madame appeared, brought him a handful persil, and dressed the table. The table cloth was of neat damask, a few silver spoons and forks, the plates and dishes cream coloured, remnants yet of their former affluence; while the contentment legible in her eyes, spread a fresh glow over her countenance, and made a deep impres-

sion on our hearts, and whetted our already keen appetite. DeZeng was meanwhile arrived, and complimented Madame with his usual politeness. Salade, roasted and stewed fish, well baked, warm bread of Indian corn, with good Hyzan tea, which she accepted from us with kindness, soon filled the table. I was seldom better regaled. The fish was delicious; the sprightly conversation gave a fresh relish to every mouthful we tasted; and we might have desired to be inhabitants of that enchanted spot, had it been in our power to withdraw our attention from the hardships to which they were exposed, and banish the idea that they seldom could obtain anything else but fish.

You know, my dear sir, how all-significant it is *toujours de perdrix!* although the gay conviviality of Des Wattines drove for a while this gloomy thought away, it could not prevent its return, while now and then a downcast look, how suddenly it was relieved, an involuntary half suppressed sigh gave a new poignancy to the bitterness of this feeling. Des Wattines even assisted by DeZeng, ridiculed in vain, similar reveries and phantoms; she smiled and its force was blunted, an island! in Oneida Lake! the want of all society whatever, except perhaps a solitary visit from—a bear! the want of many of the first necessaries of life, and that, too, in her situation, when her Camille was born! the imperious necessity to leave, from time to time, such an amiable, delicate woman with three children, helpless, sometimes days together, alone on this island, as often Des Wattines went to the Oneida creek for corn. Was it possible that similar reflections should not have marred the most tumultuous joy! I will not deny that my spirits were damped, and my jocundity was now and then deeply tinged with melancholy.

Des Wattines inquired in the boundaries of our journey, "to Lake Ontario," "and in what manner?" "Well, with our canoe," was the reply. He sprung from his chair and stared us fully in the face with a "*Par Dieu!* with your canoe! to Lake Ontario! *nanny! prenez le bateaux*, take it, Major, it is at your service, *Prenez le*." We did not hesitate long to accept his offer. We might have brought our adventurous expedition to a happy end; it was unquestionable that we might effect with far greater safety in a bateau. We soon had our baggage transported in it, left our canoe behind at the island, with our frying pan, through the slothfulness of our hands. We started thus on Saturday morning about ten. Towards the south the Canoserago creek, rich in fish, falls in the lake. The bottom of the lake at the south side is a grey stone, which extends to the shore, and seems divided in oblong squares. There are appearances, and very strong indeed, of rock iron, which ore, in some parts, is extending for a considerable length on the shore; and although we had proofs to call not its reality in question, we could not ascertain it. The land had again a very promising aspect at some distance from the shore, and shall, I doubt not, be transformed, within a few years, in productive farms. We arrived at Fort Brewerton about noon, situated at the northwestern corner of the lake. Here is a location of about four hundred acres, obtained by Mr. Kaats during the late British war. It was now inhabited by two families, viz, that of one Captain Bingham, and one Mr. Simonds, the latter from Caughnawagha. They had rented it at £20 a year, and desired to make a purchase of it, but Mr. Kaats, acquainted with its value, had constantly declined their offers.

I was highly gratified with excellent bread and butter, feasted on milk for my beverage, and purchased two pints of

it, which we carried to our bateau. The situation alone renders this spot of considerable consequence, and its importance must be heightened as soon the back lands are settled, and the navigation of the western waters shall be carried to that summit to which it eventually must ascend. The soil is clay, of which a large quantity of brick was made; somewhat further a sandy loam was covered with stately trees, oak, then beech, ash and maple.

We arrived in the Onondago river, which, even as the Fish creek, has generally very steep banks, more so, however, at the west side. We passed some pines, through our unexpertness, large rifts, with difficulty. It was said here was an ancient Indian eel-wear, by which this natural obstruction in the bed of the river had been increased. The stream was otherwise very placid, and our progress, of course, easy. To the west, joining Kaats' location, is an excellent tract of land, the property of Mr. L'Home Dieu; to the south the military lands, chiefly a valuable fruitful soil. A sudden shower compelled us to land about three miles below Fort Brewerton, where we encamped that night, being resolved, if the rain might abate, to take a view of the land.

The soil is rich, with a great variety of luxuriant trees; a black loam, with a mixture of fine sand of the same colour, many inches deep, then clay; the timber majestic, spreading its branches and foliage; beech, oak, maple, black ash, with here and there a pine and hemlock. I had ventured, rather imprudently, perhaps, a few miles in the woods; the beauty of the spot had lured me deeper and deeper, till at last I knew not from where I came or whither I went; the sun being set, I had lost this unerring guide; my only refuge was now my pocket compass, by which I again discovered the course which I had to steer towards the river. This, never-

theless, would have brought me two miles below my encampment, had not DeZeng, apprehensive of this issue, sent out the boys to hunt the straggler.

Next day, about three in the afternoon, we reached Three River Point, eighteen miles from Fort Brewerton; here join the Onondago and Seneca rivers, that of Oswego flowing to Lake Ontario in a southwesterly direction. One Barker lived at the east side of this point, whose chief employment was to conduct the bateaux over the falls in Oswego river. He might have been independent, had he possessed virtue and strength of mind sufficient to take advantage of his situation. Every bateau bound to or coming from the Genesees, Onondago, Oswego, Cataraqui and Niagara stops here, and their crews would often deem it a happiness, could they there be supplied with refreshments of bread, butter and milk, of rum and gin. He knew scarce the first, so seldom did he see these articles, and the latter he wanted for himself exclusively.

This spot is a reservation of Church land for the benefit of the district; and why not, my dear sir, are not by this great State a few millions of their unsold lands devoted and appropriated to the maintenance of the clergy, without any distinction of sects, so the new settlers would not be burthened above what they are able to bear, and the worthy clergy would not often be reduced to beggary. A small patch of corn promised a good crop, and a similar of summer wheat which he said to have sown the first of May, had branched out its large ears.

At the southwest side of Oswego is the valuable tract of L. Gansevoort, with here and there a cleared spot, and another in no respect, except extension, inferior to this is a

location of one thousand acres of L'Home Dieu, to the north of the Onondago opposite to the southern point of the Oswego.

We hired Barker at five shillings a day, to bring us over the fall, and stay with us till our return. We started from the point at four. We distinguished at a considerable distance the grumbling noise of the water on the first and second rift. Near the first is a remarkable good mill seat; here were the Onondagos collected in large numbers; some fishing, some smoking in their huts, others from time to time arriving and passing us in their bark canoes, with much art constructed, so light and easily manageable, that a squaw with her little daughter gained on us, and left us soon behind her by her velocity. We concluded to encamp about ten miles from Three Rivers Point, opposite to a handsome island in the Oswego river. The pickerel often weigh here thirty pounds, pike is of a similar size; we took a catfish of four span and a half; perch too, of which we obtained a few, is here in abundance.

At a short distance from the river is a good fertile soil; further, of a rich clay; the timber pretty similar to that which we had seen before. We started again pretty early on Monday morning, and arrived at the falls, twelve miles from the point. This indeed was again a very interesting sight. You would be enraptured with it: could I borrow and then make use of Vernet's pencil, so that I could do justice to the scenery, I would offer you a grand tableau. At the south side is a farm of three hundred acres, of one Mr. Valekenburg, who intends to build him this year a saw and grist mill. It is a noble spot for constructions of this kind.

Here we unloaded our bateau; dragged it about a hundred rods over the carrying place, and there, below the falls com-

mitted her again to its proper element. In few moments our baggage was again on board and we in the bateau. Here Barker did give us a proof of his dexterity and alertness ; with a rapidity which dimmed the sight, with an incredible swiftness, we passed over stones, between rocks and islands, as an arrow on the wing and lost the falls out of our sight and hearing, before we could reflect to turn our eyes once more towards these, or examine our process with coolness. At twelve we arrived at Oswego, yet secured by a British garrison, notwithstanding it ought to have been surrendered many years before to our government, in conformity to the treaty of peace. But I should not have dared to assert that from our side all its articles had been religiously observed. If so, nevertheless, then our national forbearance was a rare example in a Republican Government.

It is true, my dear sir, to take some repose, I at least am in want of it, and the generous cannot be lack in courtesy. In my next I shall bring you to the limits of the land of promise I will not leave you there, but depend upon it you will perceive how I am then speeding, as a dart from the bow, towards my beloved family.

Adio. Yours, &c.

Kingston, 10 August, 1792.

My Dear Sir—Two fortifications, commanding a considerable extent of water and land, attracted first our notice. That to the south, constructed in former days by the British, was now chiefly demolished : that to the north, fortified by the French, and conquered on them by the British, during the seven years' war, is yet garrisoned by them, although

within our lines. Its whole defence, however, is but one company, which could not make any resistance, as all the fortifications are so decayed, that it would not be a great achievement, to drive over these ramparts with wagon and horses. Neither does it seem the intention to make any repairs, from the consciousness no doubt, that their surrender is long since finally concluded, and only delayed on account of some trifling formalities, at this or the other side of the Atlantic. I saw nevertheless in this paltry despicable fortress, seven barrels salt, taken from an American bateau, by an American run-a-way, now a British custom house officer. It is, forsooth, a port of entry, which a sturdy Yankee might pass without a fee. This practice could not be continued, if the whole country was settled, even if the post was not surrendered; as Americans could not, neither would bear much longer such an indignity. Neither would a large force be required to set this garrison at defiance. An act of hostility, however, would in the present situation, be an act of imprudence, of rashness, as it might clog our government's negotiations; and the day is now fast approaching, that it shall be peacefully surrendered, and the American stripes unfurled on this bulwark; when the British leopard may return with honour to his Canadian den.

The commanding officer, a Rhode Island man by birth, Captain Wickham, treated us with a great deal of politeness, and regretted to be unable to offer us refreshments, as the Canadian sloop, which was for these, was not yet returned, but every hour expected.

This frank and fearless veteran was not at all alarmed at our appearance, or suspected that we might come to discover and betray the nakedness of this country and fort entrusted

to his charge. He enquired carelessly in the object of our expedition, and made us an offer of his aid whenever he might be of any service to us; and he did so effectually; it was through his management that the British Interpreter, thoroughly acquainted with Lake Ontario and its shores, agreed to conduct us to the Salmon creek.

This Mr. Price spent a part of his youth with Onondago Indians. He was in the beginning discreet enough and civil through the whole of this excursion, but his society otherwise, far from indifferent, lost a great part of its worth by his incessant swearing; it was, indeed, if he deemed it an accomplishment. This was a pity indeed, as he was blessed by a bountiful God with various rare endowments, a sound judgment, a lively imagination, undaunted courage, with a frame of body so strong that it baffled all fatigues, so handsome that he did not want to stoop whenever he wished to conquer. He was an ingenous mechanic indeed, excelling to whatever he bended his versatile genius; he made an excellent violin for one Mr. Gordon, an European, who was often pleased to say in its praise, "that in Canada it might be offered for a Cremonese."

This Mr. Price was our Palinurus as soon we had entered our bateau, which was about four in the afternoon; our raw hands rowed; Price was at the helm. We did sit on the middle bench; ere long we reached deep water. Lake Ontario resembles rather an open sea than an inland reservoir of water. You look in vain for land to rest your eye upon. We arrived, with a fresh breeze at Four Miles Point, hoisted now our sail, passed it and obtained then a view of a range of perpendicular rocks, which rendered a landing impossible and dangerous to approach them nearer. I cannot say that

I was charmed at first with this prospect, and yet it was imposing enough but I was become too much accustomed to peaceful, rural scenes, to become at once enamoured with objects of grandeur, risen and protruded by the woods, the waves and the rocks. Not one of our Argonauts or he seemed pleased with the trip; what signified rowing where we might sail? Spread the canvass! how merrily glides our batean over the waves! Bernhard, one of our hands, boasted on his seamanship and experience. He doubted not, or he might bring a vessel in safety in the harbour; he had seen the narrows between Long Island and Staten Island. Price swore that he was tired with steering, and called, with another curse our pilot to take care of the helm. Now he placed himself between us and smoked his pipe. Our new steersman pointed every time towards shore, which he as often was compelled by a general command to steer more towards the middle, as we were now between the tremendous rocks at Four and Nine Miles Point. The wind suddenly increased, our pilot turned again towards the shore, and was anew for a moment by Price's tremendous curses, overawed to steer once more to deep water. But his increasing fear—not longer within his control—a desultory animated conversation between DeZeng, Price and myself, permitting him to follow the bias of his alarming impulse and a pretty rough western wind carried us within a few moments at a distance of a few rods only, towards these horrible perpendicular rocks, of which some seemed suspended over the watery surface. We were now in an imminent danger, a shipwreck, by which the batean must have been dashed in pieces, seemed inevitable, and no lives might have been saved, except, perhaps, that of Price. At once a loud pityful cry, "hold towards shore," struck our ears. Price did tear the oar from

Barker's hand, commanded to lower the sail and bring out the oars, but all in vain. The pilot wept and cry'd, "hold towards shore, Mr. Price, good Mr. Price! push on shore—I pray God Almighty—dear Mr. Price, set on shore!" Price's reply was, "God damn you rascal! down the sail, out the oar, obey or sink!" One of our boys sat nearly lifeless in the bow; the other near the mast, pale as death, with staring eyes and with opened mouth. The danger increased to appearance: the surge rose higher and higher; our united strength and weight, viz: DeZeng's and mine, were scarce sufficient to prevent the bateau turning upside down; twice did I actually see a great part of the bottom, twice I did see it naked; one-half inch more and we had been lost. At last the sail was struck, the oar out, and we were only in part exposed to the first shock, while Price, who remained calm and alert, succeeded in forcing the prow into the waves, and bringing us again in safety in deep water. When the danger was past the terror of our crew abated, and I praised in my soul the Almighty, as I do at this instant, for our hair-breadth escape.

Price remained now at the helm, and we proceeded on our course with a steady breeze, very pleasantly, except that DeZeng and I were thoroughly soaked over the right side from top to toe, while our three hirelings grinned that they were yet dry. This was our reward for our arduous struggle to avert a peril which threatened to overwhelm us all.

We entered, notwithstanding the foaming breakers, a creek of the middle size, three miles to the south of the Little Salmon creek, towed our bateau in an inlet, and chose the heights for our encampment. Before our tent was pitched, and our fire in full blaze, Price and Barker returned with a

large eel and huge catfish, which were more than sufficient for our supper.

We arrived on Tuesday at the Little Salmon creek; there was fish in the greatest abundance; Otsego bass, perch, sun fish, catfish, eel, sheepshead, similar but superior in flavour to that species called *neus braessem* by the Dutch, and sword-fish. We speared a few of these and cut off their heads, armed with swords, of five and six inches in length, without tasting the fish, as some of our crew pretended that it was of a poisonous nature, which I would doubt. It might be so in the sword; or it might be that this terrible weapon overawed the first examiners and roused their imagination, to give birth to similar dreams; the meat certainly appears good, being solid white, and lined with a milky substance. The salmon collects here and in the Big Salmon creek, in nearly incredible numbers, during the fall and spring.

The soil along the shore is generally indifferent, seldom, to appearance, above mediocrity. Sand and stone at various distances, intersected by swamps, a few pine, more hemlock, and sometimes a cedar brush. As soon you penetrate somewhat deeper in the country, its interior parts become more pleasing, the soil more fertile, more valuable the timber; beech and maple re-appear, intermixed with oak and walnut. Several mill seats are on these large creeks.

The wind was too vehement on Wednesday to proceed on our journey with such an ignorant and even cowardly crew; even the daring Price advised us not to run the risk; but he could not on any account be persuaded to remain longer with us. He grasped his gun, left his great coat with us, and flew out of sight in the woods. We heard the report of a gun,

another, and there was Price returned; he threw a couple of partridges at our feet, and departed finally.

We caught yellow perch which indeed was exquisite; large pickerel and pike, some, two feet long. The lake became more and more tempestuous; the wind blew a gale, and our Typheus had left us. Now I could not conquer a rising wish to be reunited to a beloved family, dear to my heart by so many ties, and enjoy with them that placid contentment in our peaceful abode in Ulster; and, when I felt that it was vain, it increased for a few moments to a painful anguish. The thought that my presence would be more and more longed for every day; that it was actually required there; the roughness of our hands, with whose intimacy I became disgusted; the want of a number of comforts and conveniences to which I was accustomed, and seemed now for the first time to become sensible of—all this, with the uncertainty when we might leave this spot with safety, subdued for a while my sprightliness, and rendered me morose and sullen, but it was only a morning cloud, which passed by.

The recollection that He who rules and directs all for the best restored my wonted equanimity, while DeZeng's insinuating address and entertaining conversation soon again brought my feelings in union with his. The violence of the tempest increased with the falling night, and did not abate till the morning, when we compelled our pilot and crew to enter once more in the bateau.

When we perceived that Barker brought us nearly in the same situation as before, we listened to prudence advice and considered it our duty to land in the same creek which we had entered on Monday. We took here, after we had rowed

up this creek for two miles, a large quantity of trout of various sizes—to regale us at dinner.

Nothing, my dear sir, resembles nearer the small rivulets and canals in South Holland than these creeks, as far as these are navigable. You see the same water plants and flowers — in some parts the *conserva*, covering a part of the surface— the same insects, the same serpentine windings. We took a walk after dinner a few miles in the country, following the course of the creek at some distance, where we found a rich soil, and here and there a mill seat. A variety of huts scattered along the creek with a sort of sheds to dry eels, was a full proof that neither here was want of fish. The small river lobster was here plentiful. The soil was full of stones near the creek, which diminished in proportion that we receded from it. This fertile soil was covered with some oak, beech and maple, in some parts mixed with walnut, chestnut and butternut. We returned about 6 o'clock to our encampment, but our pilot and one of our hands were unwilling to embark that evening; to-morrow morning—this night they would start—the lake was yet too high; at last, however, having prevailed on one of our lads, we got them all, willing, unwilling in the boat. We placed him whose good will I had secured at the helm; the pilot with his mate in mutiny at the oars, and pushed forward deep enough in the lake, while DeZeng and I took a pagay in the hand to prosper our course.

Here we met with the bateau, from which the British had secured a part of the cargoe of salt, permitting it to depart after the remainder had been redeemed. It proceeded to Cadaraghkui. A fresh westerly breeze with the falling evening, induced us to look out for a landing spot, in which we

sooner and better succeeded than we could have expected. It was about two miles above Nine Miles Point; the wind suddenly increased again; we hauled our bateau on dry land so that we might not lose her during the night.

It was now about 8 o'clock; the evening beautifully charming beyond expression; the bank on which we had pitched our tent was about four feet above the level of the shore; before our tent was a large fire in full blaze; the sky remarkably clear; a double colonnade of stately broad-branched beech and birch trees surrounding our encampment, planted, as it seemed, by our warmed imagination, in a regular symmetry, without intercepting from our eyes the sight of the lake, which was illumed by the moon. The soil appeared tolerably good, the bank continued to rise above us, but it was too late now for a more accurate examination. I was indeed charmed with this beautiful spot; the supper was welcome; we chatted away a part of the evening before we perceived from the snoring of our crew that it was late, and high time to lie down. My sleep was refreshing. I awoke with a renewed ardour, and roused at breakday every soul in the tent by my uninterrupted halloos.

At 6 o'clock we rowed already with all our might, and arrived about ten at the fort, to our great satisfaction and joy. As there remained nothing in the place to keep our curiosity alive, we had soon our dinner prepared and dispatched; when ready to start, Captain Wickham, returning from the woods with half a dozen pigeons in his hand, giveth us a friendly call. We left the fort at 1 o'clock, and made our encampment that night three miles from the falls, after having walked one mile to lessen the freight of the bateau; and now, my dear sir, you will enjoy with us, that we accom-

plished this journey without any real misfortune. The remainder must be, of course, riding post over the same ground, become now to us less interesting, and yet I wish to reserve the conclusion for my next.

Yours.

Kingston, 15 August, 1792.

My Dear Sir—Our breakfast was in readiness at an early hour, neither did we tarry long; all hands to the batean! speed, boys! speed! and the command was promptly executed. Our boat seemed to acquire a new vigor, either that he was satisfied fully with the length of this trip, or that he actually longed for his home. We arrived at Three River Point about seven, discharged Mr. Barker, and pitched our tent in the vicinity of his house, crowded with travellers from several bateaux and canoes, which tarried there since yesterday. Barker had caught, by throwing a line behind the batean, four large Oswego bass, the smallest, of a foot long, which was the best part of our supper.

I had now an opportunity of examining and witnessing the truth, of what the Baron had told me before of the curious manner, by which the chubs (Iziobs) hide their eggs. They deposit these along the rivers of Oswego and Onondago on shallow spots, and cover these afterwards with small pebbles, heaped in a conical form, somewhat below the surface of the water, while others were prominent above it.

Need I tell you, my dear sir, that Fort Brewerton, which we reached at four in the afternoon, was to us a delightful sight. Captain Bingham was from home on the salmon

fishery, and Captain Simonds, with the women, on a visit to the Island. His eldest daughter, nevertheless, a smart young girl, prepared us a good supper, a bass of two pound, a dish with stewed eel, with fresh bread and butter. Our breakfast was congenial, having secured two capital eels, with a pot of milk and rice; we hurried to the Island and complimented Mr. and Madame des Wattines, on Monday morning between nine and ten. We were again congratulated with a hearty welcome, and a new zest was added to our gratification, when Des Wattines proposed to conduct us to the Fish creek, or Oneida river, as he was compelled to go to the Oneidas for Indian corn. His garden was yet more pleasant, its value unquestionably had increased. Head lettuce, parsley (porcelain) string peas, and kindey beans, were in full perfection. They would not be refused, and seemed not satisfied, before we were provided with some store of their plenty, as they were pleased to call it; and then yet they, as it were, compelled us by their kind, although nearly importune entreaties, to accept a mess of new potatoes with a large cat-fish. Madame walked with us to the shore; there we slept in the bateau; one of his dogs had taken early a place in our canoe, the other did swim behind it. Madame des Wattines, with her Camille to her bosom, her eldest boy between her, and his sister at her side, motionless, staring at us, with an expressive countenance, with features portraying what her soul so keenly seemed to feel in that distressing moment of separation, *adieu, Des Wattines!* was all which we could distinguish. There stood that lovely, deserted fair one! not deserted as Ariadne, but nevertheless left alone with three helpless children—alone! on an island on Oneida Lake. I turned my head from this mournful object, and conquered, with some reluctance, these painful sentiments which tortured my bosom. His dog followed our bateau, swimming,

and landed at length at the second island, where he continued a while, barking, and then returned, as we supposed, and Des Wattines assured us, to his mistress.

We saw before we reached the creek a summer shower, refreshing the island, on which no drop of rain had fallen since three weeks. So takes a bountiful Father care of those of His children who are destitute of every other assistance; so He waters the wilderness, refreshes the herbs in the desert, and fills the hearts of those that are languishing, with food and gladness.

We took our dinner by Bruce, where our milk and rice, which we purchased at Fort Brewerton, was to all a palatable dish; then we bid a hearty farewell to our recluse—presumptively a farewell forever, and returned towards evening to the mouth of the Fish creek or Oneida river, from which we started for our expedition. Des Wattines prepared our *soupé* of eel and catfish, while we superintended the pitching of our tent and making a good fire. This was a truly social entertainment; our hearts were flushed with success, and the prospect before us of meeting ere long with our wives and children, and, having passed some of the great waters of the western lakes, it rendered our feelings exquisitely delightful.

Here we were gratified with a visit, if it is not presumptuous to make use of such a familiar term, when I speak of a casual meeting of such great folks as the first Judge Lansing and Col. Lewis, the Attorney General of the State, and Major Farley, who all went to attend the circuit, and yet we considered it a visit, as we too had been considered as great folks by some, who wanted our cash, as we were the first occupants of the soil, and this, according with the gift of, I

know not of what ancient or modern pontiff, if it was not St. George or St. Francis, the proprietors of the soil exclusively. We separated after conversation; they doomed to remain there till it pleased the westerly breeze to abate; Des Wattines parting from us in his bateau to the Oneida creek, and we proceeding with our canoe to the Fish creek or Oneida river. Here we met with one of our old acquaintance, Mr. Abraham Lansing, who, with one Mr. Fonda, went to Niagara. We stopt at the mouth of the Wood creek. I concluded, while DeZeng with one of our lads was preparing our dinner, to take with the other a view of the Fish creek. Before we started, Captain Bingham returned with five barrels salmon, and sold us a fresh one.

We rowed up the creek about three miles, and then landed on the side between the Fish and Wood creeks; here we met first with a broad girdle of fertile flat land, nearly east by west; then a long tract of pine chiefly, then beech, maple and oak. The lower parts at this side are often overflown. The land at the west side is much higher than that to the east. I ordered the boy to proceed higher up, and took a similar course landward in, and examined the soil from time to time, which I found generally fertile, although of a less favorable aspect towards the lake and richer again in proportion, that I took a northwestern course. My opinion was as much formed from the variety of timber as from the soil, which through a partial and incorrect examination might have led me astray. I reached my canoe near the mouth of the Wood creek, entered it and found, after an absence of three hours, the peas' porridge ready. We remained that evening two miles at this side of the Oak Orchard, where we breakfasted, and met about one mile from it, Mess. Boon and Lincklaen, who, assisted by Mr. Morris, a land surveyor, pro-

ceeded on a similar excursion. It was 2 o'clock before we arrived at the widow Armstrong's cottage. In an instant the kettle was hung on the fire to boil our fresh salmon. We made ourselves an ample compensation for our frugal repast at breakfast. The salmon was delicious enough, although not so fat, which, no doubt, was occasioned that it was speared; but certainly this one, though considered large, was much smaller than usually those on the river the Meuse.

Amos Fuller, who resided now with his family at the widow's till he should be successful, as he said, in purchasing a farm in this neighbourhood, informed us, that two——past three Massachusetts men, amongst whom one of his brothers, had taken an accurate view of the tract from this point between the Canada creek, then westward between the Wood and Fish creeks, and considered it upon the whole so valuable that they had offered to purchase a whole township, to pay a £1,000 by the deed of the land, and the residue within a year, obliging themselves further to settle it before April, 1794, with thirty-five families.

We heard this identical tract described by others, ardently, perhaps, desiring to take it in their grasp, described as an indifferent tract of land, remarkable chiefly for its hemlock, pine and swamps, which, perhaps, might fall short in defraying the expenses of its survey. This difference of opinion can only be accounted for in one way, not that judgment was biased, but that secret motives induced the one and the other to overrate or underrate lands to facilitate its sale or purchase; *come and see*, then, and examine for yourself and your friends. Fuller tacked his old horse to our canoe, and dragged it to Fort Bull; here I strode on poor Rouzinante, step by step, towards Fort Stanwix, where the baron, after a little while,

arrived, having left our canoe and baggage one mile from the carrying place by want of water. The canoe arrived next morning. We dined, in part, on the new potatoes of Des Wattines, the welcome cup flowed over and I sincerely thanked the baron for his hospitable reception, for his manifold services and entertaining society, during a journey which required such a good companion to smooth its roughness. His lady was by her attentions entitled to the same civilities. We took a cordial farewell; I stept on my horse, which was neat and plumb, rode to Whitesborough, visited Mr. Platt, once to be compared to Noordkerk of Amsterdam; and then made a call to the good hearted Hugh White, asked for their commands and slept that night at old Fort Schuyler, by Mr. Hansje Post. I was again on horseback early in the morning on Friday, and crossed the river. My oiled silk surtout coat defended me from the rain, which continued without interruption from five till eight. I had missed the road near the German Flatts, but met good people, who with kindness convinced me that I was on a bye-path. They had observed my inattentive mien, and asked me where I went to? I crossed again the Mohawk, took breakfast at Mr. Aldritz's, visited the Rev. Rosekrantz, and arrived at Capt. Billinger's, where I obtained for my dinner, good chicken broth. I stept at four on my horse and associated to another traveller, passed Canajohari, baited our horses by Hudson, crossed the Mohawk for the last time, tarried about an hour at the widow Schuyler's, and slept that night nine miles farther at Bankert's inn, much fatigued and thoroughly wet by a copious perspiration.

The sight of several fields, from which they were reaping the rye, of others where the sheaves stood in array, made me double my speed. Looking steadily forward, and little car-

ing of what I left behind, I discovered first at Simon Veder's, at Canghnawaga, that I had left my spurs,—it was fortunate that I was not in want of these for my good horse. I breakfasted at Putnam's on Trip's hill, staid over noon at Mabee's, six miles from Schenectadi, without tasting a morsel, providing quietly for my beast, as the landlady declined the trouble to prepare a roasted chicken for my dinner. I might have got some pork. I enjoyed the satisfaction to find the Rev. Romeyn with his lady and family in a perfect health. A good dish of tea, with the delightful society of that respectable clergyman, revived my spirits, so that I passed two agreeable hours with them. I rode the same evening yet five miles farther, and was before eight next morning under the hospitable roof of my worthy friend, Dr. Mancius.

The Rev. de Ronde, a clergyman of four-score years, who expatriated from one of the Land Provinces, and settled in this State, many years past, was to officiate in the Dutch Church. I was tempted to be one of his hearers. His subject was rich enough: "Who shall shew us what is good? let the light of your countenance arise upon us, O Lord!" A Bonnet, a Hulshoff, a Chevalier, would have delivered a master-piece. The good old father, I believe, did as well he could. But, accustomed as I was, to dainties, it was a hard fare to digest a coarser meal. In this respect, my dear sir, the time for our adopted country is yet to come, and I doubt not it will, but thus far we are yet behind. I must acknowledge, however, I did not hear your New York clergy. If I had done so, I might have been prompted by justice to a recantation. I retreated after dinner, in silence, from the city, with the fear of the constable, ignorant that I did attend Divine worship in the morning, continually before my eyes, slept at Cosochie, and rode early on Monday morning through an

incessant rain, to Mr. Sax, in the *Imbogt*. Let not your warm imagination make you suppose that your learned Sax of Utrecht, whose talents I so often admired, and who deserved so well the applause which he earned by his *Oromasticon*, had transplanted himself in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Hudson; then you could not have been long in suspense, while I made such a speed towards his house. No, sir! It was the honest and industrious Hans Sax, perhaps descending from the same lineage. My breakfast was soon in readiness, and I could not deny him the satisfaction, to give him the outlines of my excursion. From here I continued my route to Capt. Hendrick Schoonmaker, where I took a dish of tea, till a heavy thunder shower shall have passed. My patience was exhausted at length, as the day was far gone, and submitted to ride nine miles further, through a violent rain, before I could reach my dwelling. But not one single drop made any impression, except on my hat, face and hands, thanks to my silk oiled coat.

Joy was legible in every countenance; my heart was glad and thankful when I did see me so cordially received, when I felt myself embraced with so much tenderness by all who were so dear to me.

My dear John alone suffered, under an intermittent fever, but that unwelcome visitor left us ere long, so that everything is again in its old train; the children at school, father in the field, mother unwearied, attentive to her many domestic concerns; all is bustle: ten loads of hay, eleven of rye, and fourteen of wheat are secured; the remainder mowed and reaped in the field, so that I must take hold of a few moments early in the morning and late at evening.

My companion, more sanguine in his projects and more ardent in their pursuit, had a much higher conception of

this tract than your friend; to him it was superior, far exceeding all that he had seen, in situation, in luxuriant fertility, in natural riches. No doubt it was gifted with it; it might, by an active industry, be transformed in an Eden! It may be so; it may be that his views are nearer the truth; he had been on that spot before me, but it did not appear to me under such high glowing colours. I did see some very indifferent parts; I meant to have discovered several barren spots; but in what tract of land extended to 6 or 100,00 acres shall similar spots not be discovered? Perhaps these may even exist to a much larger amount than I do suspect where we did not penetrate. The soil, in my opinion, is even less rich than that in Whitestown and at the Oriskany creek, but its cultivation shall be easier, it shall not bake, it shall not be hardened in the same manner in a dry season.

I visited and examined this tract with the view to fix there my permanent residence, and obtain a valuable possession for my children and your family. My dear friend had always an equal share in these my contemplations and pursuits. I did not shrink at meeting in face some hardships, but visited it and endeavoured to examine it from creek to creek, not only near the water side, but often several miles in the interior, to obtain a sufficiently correct knowledge of its situation, of its real and relative value; and in this mind I do not hesitate to make you this frank and honest confession, that I have not yet encountered in this State an equal extensive tract of land on which I should prefer to end my course, if joined by a few respectable families, in the vicinity of a tolerable settlement, of which, if my wealth was equal to its acquisition, I should, in preference to all which I have yet seen, desire to secure its possession.

All the informations which I have been able to collect, are

in unison with my views, so that here about shall be the happy limit of our wanderings, under God's blessing. Several families have engaged to move thither if I can procure them lands at a moderate price. Give now once more a proof of that undaunted courage, so often tried and found adequate to the task you manly engaged in. Here the execution is chiefly in our hands; who could hesitate who crossed the Atlantic not for the sake of lucre, but to secure for himself and his family an asylum against civil and religious oppression? You do not yet regret this step, and then I advised you to follow my example, and so you did. Here I may speak with greater confidence. I have been on the spot without interest—unprejudiced—as our actual residence is certainly desirable in several points of view; there all its improvements are of my own creation, not without great expenses, not without unrelenting personal exertions; there I am first beginning to gather the fruits of my labour, and have the well grounded prospect of increasing advantages; there I am surrounded by kind neighbours, and at no great distance, by respectable families, who treat us rather as near relatives than as strangers, whose good will and kindnesses we have earned, and as we flatter ourselves, secured. But you, my dear sir, knew too well that I have not yet learned to go by halves, that reluctantly I submit to disappointments, and venture rather a fresh struggle, whatever may be the risk, than to give up a well-digested plan; you know that the yet required expensive intended improvements are made impossible, though not thro' my own fault, neglect or carelessness, but happy for me, through them in whom I placed an unbounded confidence. Inform me of your plan and sentiments without disguise. My determination may be mo lified, it cannot be shaken.

Adio. Yours sincerely.

PARTIAL CATALOGUE OF WORKS OF JUDGE VAN DER KEMP, FURNISHED BY MR. H. A. HOMES, STATE LIBRARIAN.

Francis Adrian Van der Kemp, was a Fellow (honorary member) of the Amer. Acad. of Arts and Sciences, at Boston, instituted in 1785. He is author of the following:

"Historie der admissie in de ridderschap van Overyssel, van Jr. Johan Derk van der Capellen, Heer van den Pol, Appletern, Altforst, Hagen, etc. Leyden, 1785, pp xxxii, 245, 8vo." That is, "History of the admission of J. D. van der Capellen, Lord of Pol, etc., in the nobility of Overyssel."

In the advertisements at the end of this work, are four other publications of Van der Kemp, viz:

1. Eleven Discourses, (in Dutch.)

2. Five Discourses, (in Dutch.)

3. Het gedrag van Israel, etc. A Discourse.

4. Five Letters on Military Jurisdiction.

5. In 1781, he published in Dutch, at Leyden, "A collection of pieces, relating to the thirteen United States of North America," with the motto, "Do not tread on me," under the pseudonym of Junius Brutus.

6. And another: "Papers on Compulsory Service in Overyssel."

The following was not printed in America but in Amsterdam:

"Lofrede op George Washington," etc.

Translation: "Eulogy on George Washington, at Oldenbarneveld, Feb. 22, 1800, in Oneida District, N. Y. Spoken in English, by F. A. v. d. Kemp. Amsterdam, 1800, pp. 30, 8vo."

He sent a copy to a friend, who translated and printed it. We have this in the Library.

The copy of his Oration, in the Library, March 11, 1814, at Utica, on the Emancipation of the Dutch, bears H. Bleecker's name and "from his friend, A. G. Mappa."

MR. TRACY'S NARRATIVE OF HUGH WHITE'S GRANDCHILD, AS RELATED IN HIS SECOND LECTURE BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF UTICA, IN 1838, UPON EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY HISTORY OF ONEIDA COUNTY.

"At this period [1785] the Indian title had not been extinguished to any portion of the country westward of the line of property running from a point near the northwest corner of the town of Bridgewater, northwesterly to a point on Wood creek four or five miles west of Rome, and forming the western boundary of Coxe's Patent, as laid down on the maps of the county. Most of the Oneidas, it was known, had, during the war just terminated, maintained their professions of friendship for the Americans in a consistent and honorable manner. But the fact was well understood that their confederate tribes in the Six Nations, still felt the smart of the blow inflicted upon them five years before, in the expedition made into their country by the army of Gen. Sullivan, and secretly desired an opportunity to take vengeance upon the countrymen of those who then chastised them. This rendered

his (Mr. White's) position that of a frontier settler, and required of him the exercise of much prudence and sagacity in his intercourse with his neighbors. He soon acquired their good will, and had the good fortune to inspire them with very exalted ideas of his character and prowess. For many years after his arrival at Whitestown, quite a number of the Oneidas resided at Oriskany, and an Indian clearing of over two hundred acres, now forming a part of the farms known as the Green farms, had been found there long anterior to the Revolutionary War.

"His intercourse with this little settlement was marked by an incident which illustrates the feeling that was entertained for him by its inhabitants. An old chief named Han Yerry, who, during the war, had acted with the royal party, and now resided at Oriskany in a log wigwam, which stood on this side of the creek, just back of the house, until recently occupied by Mr. Charles Green, one day called at Judge White's with his wife and a mulatto woman who belonged to him, and who acted as his interpreter. After conversing with him a little while, the Indian asked him, Are you my friend? Yes, said he. Well, then, said the Indian, do you believe I am your friend? Yes, Han Yerry, replied he, I believe you are. The Indian then rejoined, Well, if you are my friend, and you believe I am your friend, I will tell you what I want, and then I shall know whether you speak true words. What is it that you want, said Mr. White. The Indian then pointed to a little grandchild, the daughter of one of his sons, between two and three years old, and said, My squaw wants to take this pappoose home with us to stay one night and bring her home to-morrow; if you are my friend, you will now show me. The feelings of the grandfather at once uprose in his bosom, and the child's mother started with

horror and alarm at the thought of entrusting her darling prattler with the rude tenants of the forest. The question was full of interest. On the one hand, the necessity of placing unlimited confidence in the savage, and entrusting the life and the welfare of his grandchild, with him; on the other, the certain enmity of a man of influence and consequence in his nation, and one who had been the open enemy of his countrymen in their recent struggle. But he made the decision with a sagacity that showed that he properly estimated the character of the person he was dealing with. He believed that by placing implicit confidence in him, he should command the sense of honor which seems peculiar to the uncontaminated Indian. He told him to take the child, and as the mother, scarcely suffering it to be parted from her, relinquished it into the hands of the old man's wife, he soothed her fears with his assurances of confidence in their promises. That night, however, was a long one, and during the whole of the next morning many and often were the anxious glances cast up the pathway leading from Oriskany, if possible, to discover the Indians and their little charge upon their return to its home. But no Indians came in sight. It at length became high noon; all a mother's fears were aroused; she could scarcely be restrained from rushing in pursuit of her loved one. But her father represented to her the gross indignity which a suspicion of their intentions would arouse in the breast of the chief; and half frantic though she was, she was restrained. The afternoon slowly wore away, and still nothing was seen of the child. The sun had nearly reached the horizon, and the mother's heart had swollen beyond further endurance, when the forms of the friendly chief and his wife, bearing upon her shoulders their little visitor, greeted its mother's vision.

"If there is a mother present who hears my tale, she can tell more perfectly than I can describe that mother's feelings, as she clasped the little one once more to her bosom and felt its warm heart pulsate to her own. The dress which the child had worn from home had been removed, and in its place its Indian friends had substituted a complete suit of Indian garments, so as to completely metamorphose it into a little squaw. The sequel of this adventure was the establishment of a most ardent attachment and regard on the part of the Indian and his friends for the white settlers. The child, now Mrs. Eells of Missouri, the widow of the late Nathaniel Eells of Whitesboro, remembers some incidents occurring on the night of her stay in the wigwam and the kindness of her Indian hostess."

EXTRACT FROM MR. WILLIAM TRACY'S FIRST LECTURE, DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF UTICA, IN 1838, ON MEN AND EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY HISTORY OF ONEIDA.

Mr. Tracy says of James Dean: "Another name distinguished in the history of Oneida county, and occupying no obscure place in the catalogue of American patriots, is that of the late James Dean. A native of New England, and the child of religious parents, at the age of eleven years, at the solicitation of a connection of his father's family, who, as a clergyman, had been engaged in the business of Indian Missions, his parents, like the mother of Samuel, devoted him to the service of the Temple, as a herald of the cross, to the sons of the forest. In order to prepare their child for the peculiar duties he would be called upon to perform, he was sent in his early youth to become acquainted with the Indian lan-

gnage, habits and manners, and to grow up in contact with those among whom they intended his life should be spent. At this time a branch of the Oneidas resided at a settlement called Onaquaga, situated on the Susquehanna, and to this place young Dean was sent, to become a denizen of the forest. A missionary occasionally visited the post, and to him the early education of the subject of our notice, in the arts and letters of civilized life, was entrusted, while he was acquiring with every day's growth, the accomplishments which go to make up the thoroughbred native of the wilderness."

He entered Darmouth College, and previous to his graduation, accompanied the Rev. Sylvanus Ripley, on a mission to the Indians on the Bay of Fundy. * * * "At the period when the first Continental Congress was assembled at Philadelphia, he was chosen as a suitable person to ascertain the feelings of the Indians in New York and Canada, and the part they would take in the event of a war with the mother country." * * * "At the close of the war, the Oneidas granted him a tract of land, two miles square, lying on Wood creek, west of Rome, to which he removed in 1784, and commenced its improvement. He here continued two years, when he effected an exchange with the nation for the tract of land in Westmoreland known as Dean's Patent, and removed to his late residence upon it in 1786, where he continued to reside until his death. * * * A portion of the land is held by his family at the present day.

"Two or three years after the removal of Mr. Dean from Wood creek to the latter place, an incident occurred which furnishes a parallel to the rescue of Capt. Smith by Pocahon-

tas. An institution existed among the Indians for the punishment of a murderer, answering in some respects to the Jewish code. It became the duty of the nearest relative of the deceased to pursue him, and avenge his brother's death. In case the murder was perpetrated by a member of a different tribe, the offence demanded that the tribe of the murdered man should require the blood of some member of the offending tribe. This was regarded as a necessary atonement, and as absolutely requisite to the happiness of the deceased in the world of spirits, and a religious duty, and not a mere matter of vengeful gratification. At the period to which I have referred, an Indian had been murdered by some unknown white man, who had escaped. The chiefs thereupon held a consultation at Oneida, to determine what was to be done. Their deliberations were held in secret; but through the friendship of one of their number, Mr. Dean was advised of what was going on. From the office he had held and the high standing he maintained among the white men, it was urged in the council that he was the proper person to sacrifice in atonement for the offence committed. The question was, however, a difficult one to dispose of. He had been adopted into the tribe, and was held to be a son; and it was argued by many of the chiefs that he could now be no more responsible for the offence, than one of the natives of the tribe, and that his sacrifice would not furnish the proper atonement. For several days the matter was debated and no decision arrived at, and while it was undetermined he continued to hope for the best. * * * He reflected upon the propriety of leaving the country, but his circumstances, together with the hope of a favorable issue of the question in the council, induced him to remain. He had erected a small house, which he was occupying with his wife and two children, one an infant, and

it was idle to think of removing them. As the council continued its session for several days, his hopes of a favorable decision brightened. He kept the matter to himself, not mentioning it to his wife, and prepared himself for any emergency which might befall him. One night he was awoke by the sound of the death whoop, at a short distance from the house. He then, for the first time, told his wife his fears that a party were approaching to take his life. He enjoined it upon her to keep quiet in the room where they slept, while he would receive the council in an adjoining one, and endeavor to avert their determination, trusting to Providence for the result. He met the Indians at the door and seated them in the outer room. There were eighteen, and all chiefs or head men of the nation.

"The senior chief informed him that they had come to sacrifice him for the murder of their brother, and that he must now prepare to die. He replied to them at length, claiming he was an adopted son of the Oneidas; that it was unjust to require his blood for the wrong committed by a wicked white man; that he was not ready to die, and that he could not leave his wife and children unprovided for. The council listened with profound gravity, and when he sat down one of the chiefs replied. He rejoined, and used every argument his ingenuity could devise in order to reverse their sentence. The debate continued a long time, and hope of escape grew fainter as it proceeded, and he had nearly abandoned himself to the doom, when he heard the pattering of a footstep inside the door; all eyes were fixed upon the door; it opened and a squaw entered. She was the wife of the senior chief, and at the time of Dean's adoption into the tribe, in his boyhood, she had taken him as her son. The entrance of a woman into a solemn council, was by Indian etiquette, at war with

all propriety. She, however, took her place near the door, and all looked on in silence. Then another step was heard, and another woman entered the council—the sister of the former and the wife of a chief. Then presently another pause, and a third entered. Each of the three stood wrapped closely in their blankets, but said nothing. At length the presiding chief told them to begone and leave the chiefs to go on with their business. The wife replied that the council must change their determination and let the good white man, their friend, her own adopted son, alone. The command to be gone was repeated, when each Indian woman threw off her blanket and showed a knife in her extended hand, and declared if one hair of the white man's head was touched, they would bury their knives in their own heart's blood. The strangeness of the whole scene overwhelmed with amazement each member of the council, and regarding the unheard of resolution of the women to interfere in the matter, as a sort of manifestation of the will of the Great Spirit that the white man's life should not be taken, their previous decree was reversed on the spot, and the life of the victim preserved. Shortly after the erection of the county of Herkimer, in 1791, Mr. Dean was appointed Judge of the County Courts, in which office he continued until the erection of the county of Oneida, when he was appointed to a similar station in this county, and retained the office by successive appointments, and occasionally served as a member of the State Legislature, until 1813, when he retired from public life," and died in September, 1832.

EXTRACT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF WASHINGTON, BY MARGARET C. CONKLING, PUBLISHED IN 1850.

Speaking of the economy practiced by General Washington's wife during the war, the author says: "She immediately established a domestic system thoroughly adapted to the exigencies of the times, and eminently calculated as an example most beneficially to influence others. Her dress, always remarkable for its simplicity, was soon composed almost entirely of home-made materials, as was the clothing of her numerous domestics."

We have her own authority for the fact that "she had a great deal of domestic cloth made in her house," and that "sixteen spinning-wheels were kept in constant operation" at Mount Vernon. On one occasion, when conversing with some friends upon this and similar topics, she gave the best proof of her success in domestic manufactures by the exhibition of two of her dresses, which were composed of cotton, striped with silk, and entirely home-made. The silk stripes in the fabric were woven "from the ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair covers."

When Washington arrived at New York to assume his duties as first President of the United States, he was attired in a complete suit of homespun cloth.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN W. DOUGLAS.

TRENTON, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1876.

DEAR SIR: I return the printed slip you gave me, with some corrections made in pencil on the margin. My grandfather's arrival in this country I make in 1766, in place of 1758.

The reference to his correspondence with Washington and others I have erased. There may be such among his descendants in Westfield, Mass., but I have never seen it. I have, however, in my possession, a copy of Lt. Gen. Burgoyne's "Instructions" to Lt. Col. Baum in reference to his expedition to Bennington, dated August 9, 1777, at Headquarters, and also of a letter dated "near Saratoga, 14 Aug., 1777," by Gen. Burgoyne to Baum, which copies were made by my grandfather at Stillwater, after the retreat from Saratoga of the American forces, from the original MSS. taken from Col. Baum after his death at Bennington, and brought from there by James Wilkinson, A. D. Gen'l, and handed, I suppose, to my grandfather.

My father's regiment to Sacketts Harbor was commanded by Col. Hix, (Thomas Hix, I believe.) After Douglas & Billings dissolved partnership in 1834, the new firms were Douglas & Son and Billings & Son, John N. Billings going in with his father.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Oldenbarneveld for establishing a religious society was held September 19, 1803. At an adjourned meeting in October, the name of "The United Protestant Religious Society" was adopted—"incorporated in 1804 under a general law." Of the three trustees first chosen, two were Calvinists and one Unitarian. Mr. Fish (Trinitarian) was the first settled minister, and remained several years. Rev. John Sherman, coming on here to visit his brother-in-law, Joshua Storrs, preached several times. On returning to Connecticut, he received a call from said society, written by Judge Van der Kemp, and dated August 11, 1805. Mr. Sherman accepted the call February 18, 1806. A church called the "Reformed Christian Church"—

present Unitarian church of Trenton—was organized March 8, 1806, of fifteen members, viz, 9 Hollanders and 6 natives of Connecticut, including Mr. Sherman. Two elders were chosen and two deacons. Mr. Sherman was installed March 9th, the next day. Judge Van der Kemp delivering a lecture in the morning, and Mr. Sherman preaching the installation sermon in the afternoon. The doctrines embodied in the Church creed were so few and general as to receive the assent of Socinians and Trinitarians alike.

Mr. Sherman's connection with the church was terminated March 9, 1810. In October, 1811, he opened an academical school in his own house. In the meantime, Rev. I. B. Pierce of Rhode Island came on to Utica to visit some kindred of his, and learning that Rev. John Sherman, of whose fame as a religious controversialist he had heard and formed a favorable opinion of, was living thirteen miles north through the woods, he decided to go out to Trenton and see the man. Being invited to remain over Sunday and preach, he accepted the invitation, and soon after received a call from the society and became its permanent pastor.

I thought the above statement about the origin, &c., of the Unitarian church might interest you.

Very truly, yours,

JNO. F. SEYMOUR, Esq. JOHN W. DOUGLAS.

STATEMENT OF MR. WARREN C. ROWLEY.

Mr. Pomroy Jones, in his Annals of Oneida County, says, in relation to the south portion of the town of Trenton: "The first settlers were Col. Thomas Hicks, John Garrett and his two sons, Cheney and Peter, Edward Hughes and Hugh

Thomas." With Hughes and Thomas should be included the names, Ephraim Perkins, John Curry, his two sons, Elias and Isaac, Owen Morris, Lemuel Barrows, Jedediah Brownell, Lucas Younglove and James Francis. From good authority I learn that these persons settled in about the following order: John Garrett, Cheney and Peter, and Col. Hicks, about 1792; Hugh Thomas about 1797; Perkins, Curry, Morris, Barrows, Brownell, Hughes, Younglove, Francis, from 1800 to 1810, in about the order in which their names occur.

John Garrett was a revolutionary soldier, born in Brantford, Connecticut. Hicks came from Rhode Island. The latter, with Cheney and Peter Garrett, came to Utica about the same time; they entered into partnership as builders. (The articles of co-partnership are said to have been quite a novelty, and I think they are now in possession of J. P. Garrett of South Trenton.) The first work which they did, I think, was building the store of John Post, on the corner of Whitesboro and Genesee streets; this was in 1791. They also built a small house on the south side of Whitesboro street, near the corner of Charles street; this house is still standing, and is conspicuous as being cornerwise towards the street and somewhat encroaching on the sidewalk. The Garretts very soon induced their father to move to this section, and all, with Hicks, went to South Trenton. John Garrett bought of the Holland Land Co., 104 acres lying north of and adjoining the Nine Mile creek, for which he paid $4 per acre; here he erected a log house. Hicks bought of Holland Land Company 200 acres about one-half mile north of Garrett; paid $4½ per acre; he built a log house. A few years later he built a frame house, which is still standing. Hicks subsequently built and kept a hotel in Trenton, about where Dr.

Guiteau's office now stands. Being an admirer of Cincinnatus, he named it the Cincinnatus House, and had a large sign made on which was painted a portrait of the Roman patriot. It is said the Cincinnati creek derived its name in this manner.*

After getting their father settled in South Trenton, Cheney and Peter Garrett came to Utica again, and for a considerable time worked at their trade. The only house that I know of as having been built by them at this time, was a house on Genesee hill, still standing, as part of the buildings now occupied by C. P. Davis. About 1802 they returned to South Trenton, Cheney settling down on his father's place, where he built a frame house, (a hotel;) the building is still standing and is occupied by his son, John P. Garrett. Peter bought a farm and built a frame house about three-fourths mile south from South Trenton. The house still stands, occupied by his son, Jedediah.

John Curry emigrated from Scotland about 1765. He married in Schenectady, Cornelia Post, sister of John Post. Settled in Balston, Saratoga county, where seven children were born. In 1795, Isaac, then 16 years of age, came to Utica and was employed by his uncle, John Post, as clerk in his store; here he remained three or four years. Being delighted with this section, he induced his father to move here; they settled in South Trenton about 1800; purchased 100 acres of the Holland Land Co. at $5 per acre, situated south of and adjoining the Nine Mile creek; here he built a log house. About 1807 Isaac built a hotel about one mile south of South Trenton, on what was known afterwards as the Joy place;

*This is another sample of the misnomers with which this country is afflicted.

he remained here but a short time, when he returned to his father's farm. My grandfather was deeply interested in religious matters; he was active in building, and was a liberal contributor to the Presbyterian Church at Trenton; was also one of the foremost in building the Union Church at South Trenton, and during his whole life the cause of religion found in Major Curry (as he was familiarly called) a valuable advocate.

As regards Perkins, Thomas, Morris, Barrows and Brownell, I cannot learn much. I hear, however, on good authority, that Perkins bought a large tract of land about one mile northwest from South Trenton. This was then regarded as the largest farm in this locality. A good portion of it now belongs to Henry Rhodes.

Lucas Younglove, of English descent, was born 1765 in New Jersey. Settled at Cambridge, Washington county, N. Y. He received from Gov. George Clinton, the commission of Paymaster in the "Regiment of Militia of the County of Albany," of which regiment his father, John Younglove, was Lieutenant Colonel commanding. John was also Colonel of a regiment during the Revolution. While on a furlough at his home in Cambridge, his house was attacked by tories, who demanded of him to open the door and surrender. On his refusal, they fired at him through the door and severely wounded him, then clubbed him with their muskets and left him as they supposed, dead; he recovered, however, and in due time returned to his regiment. Lucas was a strong Presbyterian of the old school; he was one of the first elders of the church at Cambridge, of which Mr. Prime (father of the editor New York *Observer*) was then minister. He removed to South Trenton about 1808; settled in what is

known as the Miller neighborhood. He was many years elder in the church at Trenton, and later years, deacon. Previous to the Trenton church having been built, he was in the habit of going on horseback with his wife to Holland Patent, (six miles,) and scarcely ever missed a service. He was an enthusiast on the subject of temperance, and on this point Rev. Mr. Brace tells me that it was frequently the case that Mr. Y. and himself met at the bookstore of Hastings & Tracy in Utica. On one occasion, about the year 1825, Mr. Y. suggested that they three make an agreement to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, to which the others agreed. Mr. Brace said, "Deacon, draw up the agreement and sign it, and Hastings and I will add our names." Hastings accordingly furnished the book, (a little passbook,) the deacon wrote the pledge and the three signed their names. Subsequently many other names from all parts of the county were added to it. Mr. Brace says he verily believes this to have been the first temperance pledge ever drawn up. Mr. B. also credits the deacon with having originated (or at least introduced in these parts) the idea of setting apart a small patch of ground to be planted for missionary purposes, which he called the "Lord's Land;" this was a very common thing with farmers, and many appropriated from their stock a cow or a pig, which were fattened and slaughtered, the proceeds to be devoted to the same purpose.

James Francis emigrated from South Wales. Settled in South Trenton about 1806; bought a small farm about one-half mile N. E. of the present village, on which he built a log house. Edward Hughes, born in Danbighshire, North Wales, came to America about the year 1802; three months on passage. Landed in Baltimore. Lived in Philadelphia about three years; moved thence to Whitestown and lived one

year; thence to South Trenton, where he bought of Holland Land Co. fifty acres, at $8 per acre; this land was situated about one-fourth mile south of the present village.

Mrs. Loyd, daughter of Hughes, is still living, aged about eighty. She relates with great interest her early experience in this new country. She says we all went to Trenton behind a yoke of oxen. When my father bought the farm there was not sufficient cleared ground, on which to erect a log house, but the neighbors turned out and in twenty-four hours they had the trees down and the house up. She says there was no store, no mill, no physician nearer than Trenton village. We usually traded in Utica, going three or four times a year, at which times we laid in stock of necessaries. During the winter season our roads were so bad that we were completely hemmed in. Our mails were delivered very irregularly by the postman, who came through from Utica on horseback. Each farmer usually kept one or two horses, with which to go to church, to mill, &c.; but heavy work was done with oxen. I have frequently seen my father draw in hay on a sled and with two yoke of oxen, and have seen hay drawn in on tree tops. We were frequently annoyed with soldiers, who were marching to the northern frontier; especially so with those who were said to be regulars, from camp at Greenbush. They usually camped for the night on the banks of the Nine Mile creek; but annoyed the settlers greatly by insulting the ladies, shooting dogs, stealing our chickens, &c. She says, my father had a peculiar faculty of gaining their good will, by allowing them to sleep in his barn, and extending other little civilities; he therefore did not suffer quite as much as some of his neighbors.

In regard to Indians, I learn that there were none settled in this section at this date. Large companies, however, of

the Oneida tribe frequently encamped on the banks of the Nine Mile creek, on my grandfather's land, where they would remain for several weeks, industriously engaged in making baskets, brooms and fancy articles; finally, when they had succeeded in making sale of their goods, they would expend a large amount of their earnings for whisky, with which they would get drunk, and finally break up camp in a general row and fight, often inflicting fearful wounds upon each other with their knives, clubs, &c. My uncle (Orrin Curry) says that in the year 1830, Col. Daniel Schermerhorn erected a hotel, soon after which he received a commission as postmaster, and he, (O. C.) had the honor of being his first deputy. Previous to this date, we were obliged to go to Trenton for mail.

The first merchant of South Trenton was my father, Warren D. Rowley, a native of Litchfield Co., Connecticut. He erected a building and engaged in the mercantile business in the year 1833. About the year 1800 a log house was erected on the hill, on Cheney Garret's land, in which place religious services were held on the Sabbath, and during the week it was used as a school house. The pulpit was usually supplied by missionaries, although at times they had resident ministers. During times of great religious excitement, for want of more room than the house afforded, meetings were held in Cheney Garret's log barn. Several of the older surviving inhabitants allude with great interest to the time when they sat on the hay-mow or the "big beam" and listened to the service. In due course of time, a frame house was substituted for the log one, and still later the capacity of this was greatly increased. After the Union Church was built, the old school meeting house was devoted exclusively to school purposes, and still stands. Jones in his annals of Oneida County,

refers to the excellent district school at South Trenton, and says that it was frequently termed "*The Model School.*" I think there is little doubt that it was the best district school in the country. I could give the names of many men and women, now holding prominent positions in our institutions of learning, who received their education, and others who have taught, at this school. Prof. James S. Gardner, of Whitestown Seminary, left an unfinished term here about twenty-five years since, to accept the position which he still holds. Miss White, the present preceptress at Whitestown Seminary also taught here twenty years ago.

In this connection I feel that a few words should be said for my father, for although all the inhabitants were interested to a great degree in school matters, still I think that to him, more than any other one, were they indebted for the high standard to which this as a district school attained, and I know that hundreds of teachers, parents and children will bear me witness to this fact. With an excellent education, a long experience in teaching, and now with a young family growing up, he readily realized the necessity of bringing this home school to such a degree of perfection as to obviate the necessity of parents sending their sons and daughters from home to be educated; with this idea in view, he devoted his best energies to the work.

Thoroughly competent teachers were always employed in each department. An excellent library of several hundred volumes was provided; all the modern appliances requisite for teaching were at the disposal of teachers; seldom less than one hundred pupils were in attendance. At this time, District No. 4 covered an area of about six square miles, and was three miles from north to south. A few years after the

death of my father, (which occurred in the year 1854,) the district was divided, and to-day there are two schools where before there was but one. Whether they are as good as "The Model School," this is not the place to discuss.

COPY OF BILL OF SALE OF SLAVE "PATIENCE."

Know all men by these presents, that I, Pascal C. J. De Angelis, of the town of Trenton, in the county of Oneida, for and in consideration of the sum of seventy-five pounds, current money of the State of New York, to me in hand paid by William Miller of the town and county aforesaid, at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, have bargained, sold, released and confirmed, and by these presents do bargain, sell, release and confirm unto the said W. Miller, a negro girl slave named Patience, of the age of twenty-four years, to have and to hold the said negro girl slave unto the said W. Miller, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, so that neither I, the said Pascal C. J. De Angelis, nor any other for me, or in my name, has any right or title or interest in the said slave, to claim or demand at any time hereafter. And I, the said Pascal C. J. De Angelis, for myself, executors and administrators, the said negro girl slave unto the said W. Miller, his executors, administrators and assigns, against all and all manner of person or persons whatsoever, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents. And I, the said Pascal C. J. De Angelis, for myself, my executors and administrators, do covenant that the said negro girl slave is of good constitution and of sound health. And of which the said slave, I, the said Pascal C. J. De Angelis, have put the

said W. Miller in full possession at the sealing and delivery hereof.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal at Trenton, this 10th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1804.

PASCAL C. J. DE ANGELIS. [L. S.]

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of

SALLY MULBERT.

DEC 30 1908

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 221 102 6